

TO

My much Honoured, and no  
less truely beloved FRIEND,

EDW. BENLOWES,  
ESQUIRE.

My dear Friend,



*Oll have put the Theorbo  
my hand, and I have played  
gave the Musician the first en-  
ragement; the Musick  
to you for Patronage.*

*been a light Air, no doubt but it had  
most, and among them the worst; but in  
Grave Strain, my hopes are, that it will play  
the best, and among them you. To itself it  
please trivial Ears; they kiss the Fancy  
betray it. They cry, Hail, first, and*



By Fra Quarles

London Printed for S. Colles  
and Eobisfeild, and are to be sold  
Crown in Cross-Keens Court  
and the Marigold in St. Pauls Church.

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Crucified. Let Doves delight to minister to  
selves in dung, whilst Eagles scorn to prey on  
Game as Flies. Sir, you have Art and Cam-  
paign; Let the one judge, let the other ex-  
cuse

Tr. R.  
821-39  
QIEA

Your most affectionate

Friend

FRA. QUARLES

Tot Flores QUARLES, quot Paradisus habet.

Lectori bene-male-volo.

Qui legit ex Horto hoc Flores, Qui carpit, uterque  
Jure potest Violas dicere, jure Rosas,  
Non è Parnasso V I O L A M, Festive R O S E T O  
Carpit Apollo, magis quæ sit amœna, R O S A M.  
Quot Versus V I O L A S lugis; & Quom verba locutum  
Credis, verba dedit: Nam dedit ille R O S A S.

Itque Ego non dicam hæc V I O L A S suavissima; Tunc  
Ipse facis V I O L A S, Livide, si violas.  
Nam velut è V I O L I S sibi fugit Aranea virus:  
Vertis at in succos Hasque R O S A Sque tuos.  
Quas violas Musas, V I O L A S puto, quasque recusas  
Dente tuo rosas, has, reor, esse R O S A S,  
Sic rosas, facis esse R O S A S, dum, Zoile, rodis:  
Sic facis has V I O L A S, Livide, dum violas.

Brent-Hall, 1634.

EDW. BENLOWES

203857



*Qua Calem officio Solum deficio.*

# THE FIRST BOOK.

## *The INVOCATION.*

R<sup>O</sup>wze thee, my Soul ; and drein thee from the dregs  
Of vulgar thoughts : Scruē up the heighthed pegs  
of thy sublime Theorboe four notes higher,  
And higher yet, that so, the shril-mouth'd Quire  
Of swift-wing'd Seraphims may come and joyn,  
And make thy Consort more than half divine.  
Invoke no Muse ; Let Heav'n be thine *Apollo* ;  
And let his sacred Influences hallow  
Thy high-bred strains : Let his full beams inspire  
Thy ravish'd brains with more heroick fire :  
Snatch thee a Quil from the spread Eagles wing,  
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and sing ;  
Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog  
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog  
Of dungeon earth ; let flesh and blood forbear  
To stop thy flight, till this base world appear  
A thin blew Landskip : Let thy pinions soar  
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more  
Than Pismires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,  
Thy ear untroubled with their frantick mirth ;  
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb  
Thy new-concluded peace ; Let Reason curb  
Thy hot mouth'd Passion ; and let heav'n's fire season  
The fresh conceits of thy corrected Reason.  
Disdain to warm thee at lusts smoky fires,  
Scorn, Scorn to feed on thy old blear desires :  
Come, come, my Soul, hoise up thy higher sails,  
The wind blows fair ; Shall we still creep like Snails,

That

That glide their ways with their own Native slimes;  
No, we must fly like Eagles, and our Rhimes  
Must mount to Heav'n, and reach th'Olympick Ear;  
Our Heav'n, blown fire must seek no other Sphear.

Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'st and ground'st  
Thy gifts in dust, and from our dunghil crown'st  
Reflecting honour, taking by retail,  
What thou hast giv'n in gross, from lapsed frail,  
And sinful man: that drink'st full draughts, wherein  
Thy Childrens leprous fingers, scurf'd with sin,  
I ave padled; Cleanse, O cleanse my crafty Soul  
From secret crimes, and let my thoughts controul  
My thoughts: O, teach me stoutly to deny  
My self, that I may be no longer I:  
Enrich my Fancy, clarifie my thoughts,  
Refine my dross; O, wink at human faults;  
And through the slender Conduct of my Quil  
Convey thy Current, whose clear streams may fill  
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praise:  
Crown me with Glory, take who list the Bayes.

I A M. I. 14.

*Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away  
by his own lust and enticed.*

*Serpent.**Eve.*

Serp. **N**O eat? Not taste? Not touch? Not cast an eye  
Upon the fruit of this fair Tree? And why?  
Why eat'st thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?  
Or can't thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd Good?  
Why was it made if not to be enjoy'd?  
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:  
Blessings unus'd, pervert into a Waft,  
As well as Surfets; Woman, Do but tast:  
See how the laden boughs make silent soit  
To be enjoy'd; Look how their bending fruit  
Meet thee half-way; Observe but how they crouch  
To kiss thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:  
Mark what a pure vermilion blush has dy'd  
Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame they bide  
Their palsey heads to see themselves stand by  
Neglected: Woman, Do but cast an eye.  
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not;  
Come, pull and eat: Y'abuse the thing ye use not.

Eve. Wildest of Beasts, our great Creator did  
Reserv'd this Tree, and this alone for bid;  
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are  
As pleasing to the tast; to th'eye as fair;  
But touching this his strict commands are such,  
Tis death to cast, no less than death to touch.

Serp. Pish; Death's a fable: Did not Heav'n inspic  
our equal Elementis with living Fire;

Blown from the spring of life ? is not that breath  
 Immortal ? Come ; ye are as free from death  
 As he that made ye. Can the flames expire  
 Which he has kindled ? Can ye quench his fire ?  
 Did not the great Creatour's voice proclaim  
 What ere he made (from the blew spangled frame  
 To the poor leaf that trembles) very good ?  
 Blest be not both the feeder and the Food ?  
 Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue  
 From such blest Food, to such half-gods as you ?  
 Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit  
 Abuse your freedome ; Woman take and eat.

*Eve.* 'Tis true, we are immortal ; death is yet  
 Unborn, and till Rebellion make it debt,  
 Undue ; I know the fruit is good, until  
 Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.  
 The lips that open to this Fruit's a Portal  
 To let in death and make immortal mortal.

*Serp.* You cannot die, come, woman, Taste, and fear not ;  
*Eve.* Shall Eve transgres ? I dare not, O I dare not.

*Serp.* Afraid ? Why draw'ft thou back thy tim'rous arm ?  
 Harm only falls on such as fear a harm.  
 Many'n knows and fears the virtue of this Tree :  
 'T will make ye perfect Gods as well as He,  
 Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never  
 Fear death : Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

*Eve.* 'Tis but an Apple ; and it is as good  
 To do, as to desire. Fruit's made for food :  
 I'm pull, and taste, and tempt my *Adam* too  
 To know the secrets of this Dainty. *Serp.* Do.

Book I.

Emblemes.

S. C H R Y S. sup. Math.

*He forced him not : He touched him not : Only said, Cast thy self down ; that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the Devil casteth himself down : for the Devil may suggest, compel he cannot.*

S. BERN. in Ser.

*It is the Devils part to suggest : Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him : as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who proposeth us, that we may contend, and afflict us, that we may conquer.*

EPIG. I.

*Unlucky Parliament ! wherein at last,  
Both Houses are agreed, and firmly past  
An act of death confirm'd by higher Powers ;  
O had it had but such success as ours !*



*Sic nubes certe nimbus in omni maison*

*Subsistit*

## JAMES i. 15.

*Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death.*

**L**ament, lament; Look, look, what thou hast done.  
**L**ament the world's, Lament thy own estate.  
**L**ook, look, by doing how thou art undone;  
**L**ament thy fall, lament thy change of State;  
**T**hy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,  
**S**ee, see too soon, what thou lament'lt too late.  
**O** thou that wert so many men, nay, all  
**A**bridg'd in one, how has thy desp'rate fall  
**D**estroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thy self whilst,

**2**  
**U**xorious Adam, whom thy Maker made  
**E**qual to Angels that excel in pow'r,  
**W**hat hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd  
**T**hy own destruction? Like a new-cropt flower,  
**H**ow does the glory of thy beauty fade!  
**H**ow are thy fortunes blasted in an hour?  
**H**ow art thou cow'd that hadst the power to kick  
**The spite of new fal'n Angels, baffle Hell,  
**A**nd view with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell?**

3

See how the world (whose chaff and pregnant womb  
 Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)

Is now degenerated, and become  
 A base Adulteress, whose false births do fill  
 The earth with Monsters, Monsters that do rone  
 And rage about, and make a trade to kill :  
 Now Glutt'ny paunches ; Lust begins to spawn ;  
 Wrath takes revenge ; and Avarice a pawn ;  
 Pale Envy pines, Pride swells, and Sloth begins to yawn.

## 4

The Air that whisper'd, now begins to roar ;  
 And blustring Boreas blows the boylng Tide ;  
 The white mouth'd Water now usurps the shore,  
 And torns the pow'r of her tridental guide ;  
 The fire now burns, that did but warm before,  
 And Rules her ruler with resistless pride :  
 Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, that first were made  
 To be subdu'd see how they now invade ; (obey'd.  
 They rule whom once they serv'd, command where once

## 5

Behold ; that nakedness, that late bewray'd  
 Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder ;  
 Behold ; those trees whose various fruits were made  
 For food, now turn'd a shade to shrowd thee under,  
 Behold ; that voice (which thou hast disobey'd )  
 That late was musick, now affrights like thunder :  
 Poor man ! Are not thy joyns grown sore with sha-  
 To viewth' effect of thy bold undertaking, . . . king  
 That in one hour didst marr what heav'n fix'd days was  
 (making)

S. AUG.

## S. AUGUST. lib. i. de lib. arbit.

*It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedom, which man could not use, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do, what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was rightly; that he who would not do righteously, when he had the power, should lose the power to do it, when he had the Will,*

## HUGO de anima.

*They are justly punished that abuse lawful things, but they are most justly punished, that use unlawful things: Thus Lucifer fell from Heaven: thus Adam lost his Paradise.*

## EPIG. 2.

*See how these fruitful kernels, being cast  
Upon the earth, how thick they spring: how fast!  
A full ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;  
Proud'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.*

B. 2.

## III.



*C*it poteris, patior. Patieris, non poteris.

## III.

PROV. 14. 13.

*Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and  
the end of that mirth is heaviness.*

1  
**A** Las fond Child,  
 How are thy thoughts beguil'd,  
 To hope for honey from a nest of wasps?

Thou may'st as well  
 Go seek for ease in hell,  
 Or sprightly Nectar from the mouths of asps.

2

The world's a hive,  
 From whence thou can'st derive  
 No good, but what thy souls vexation brings:  
 Put case thou meet  
 Some petri-petti-sweet,  
 Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

3

Why dost thou make  
 These murmur'ring troops forsake  
 The safe protection of their waxen homes?  
 Their hive contains  
 No sweet that's worth thy pains;  
 There's nothing here, alas, but empty combes.

4

For trash and toyes,  
 And grief engend'ring joyes,

What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood !

What bitter pills,  
Compos'd of real ills,  
Man swallows down to purchase one false good !

## 5

The dainties here,  
Are least what they appear ;  
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sowe :  
The fruit that's yellow,  
Is found not always mellow :  
The fairest Tulip's not the sweetest flowre.

## 6

Fond youth give ore,  
And vex thy soul no more  
In seeking what were better farr unfound ;  
Alas ! thy gains  
Are only present pains  
To gather Scorpions for a future wound.

## 7

What's earth ? or in it,  
That longer than a minut,  
Can lend a free delight that can endure ?  
O who would droyl,  
Or delve in such a soyl,  
Where gain's uncertain and the pain is sure !

S. AUGUST.

## S. AUGUST.

*Sweetnes in temporal matters is deceitful : It is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.*

HUGO.

*Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which bath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.*

## EPIG. 3.

*What, Cupid, are thy shafts already made?  
And seeking honey, to set up thy trade  
True Embleme of thy sweets ! Thy Bees do bring  
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a sting.*

B 4

## TYPOMA.

I V.

OONI



Quis levior? cui plus ponderi addit axor

## IV.

## PSALM. 62. 9.

*To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.*

1  
Put in another weight : 'Tis yet too light ;  
And yet, Fond Cupid, put another in ;  
And yet another : Still there's under weight :  
Put in another hundred : Put again ;  
Add world to world ; then heap a thousand more  
To that, then to renew thy wasted store,  
Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy ballance lower.

2  
Put in the flesh with all her loads of pleasure ;  
Put in great Mammon's endless inventory ;  
Put in the ponderous acts of Mighty Cæsar :  
Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory ;  
Add Scipio's gauntlet ; put in Phœbus' gown ;  
Put Circæs charms, put in the triple crown.  
Thy ballance will not draw ; thy ballance will not down.

3  
Lord what a world is this, which day and night,  
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble ?  
Which weigh'd in equal scales is found so light,  
So poorly overballanc'd with a bubble ?  
Good God ! That frantick mortals should esteem  
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy  
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy !

4  
Thou bold Impostor, how hast thou befoo'd  
The tribe of Man with counterfeit desire ?

How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd  
 Heav'n's free born flames, and kindled bastard fire!  
 How hast thou vented dross instead of treasure,  
 And cheated man with thy false weights and measure,  
 Proclaiming bad for good; & gilding death with pleasure!

## 5

The world's a crafty Strumpet most affecting,  
 And closely following those that most reject her;  
 But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting  
 And coyly flying those that most affect her:  
 If thou be free, she's strange; if strange, she's free;  
 Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'll flee:  
 Then she ther's none more coy, ther's none more fond than  
 (she,

## 6

O what a Crocodilian world is this,  
 Compos'd of treacheries, and ensnaring wiles!  
 She clothes destruction in a formal kiss,  
 And lodges death in her deceitful smiles;  
 She hugs the soul she hates; and there does prove  
 The veryeſt tyrant, where ſhe vows to love,  
 And is a Serpent moſt, when moſt ſhe seems a Dove.

## 7

Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise  
 To make an object of ſo eafie gains;  
 Thrice happy he who ſcorns ſo poor a price—  
 Should be the crown of his heroick pains:  
 Thrice happy he, that ne're was born to try  
 Her frowns or ſmiles; or being born, did lie  
 In his ſad nurse's arms an hour, or two, and die.

## SA. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

Q  
you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight ?  
Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward, than the  
world can give ; and what is the world but a brittle thing full  
of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils ? O  
let all her vain, light, and momentany glory perish with her self,  
and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas, this  
world is miserable ; life is short, and death is sure.

## EPIC. 4.

My soul, what's ligher, than a feather ?  
Than wind ? The fire. And what, than fire ? The mind.  
What's lighter, than the mind ? A thought. Than thought ?  
This bubble world. What, than this bubble ? Nought.

V.



*Hic vertitur orbis.*

I Cor. 7. 31.

*The fashion of this World passeth away.*

¶ One are those golden dayes, wherein  
¶ Pale Conscience started not at ugly sin:  
When good old *Saturn*'s peaceful Throne  
Was usurped by his beardless Son:  
When jealous *Ops* ne'r fear'd th' abuse  
Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptial Truce:  
When just *Astrea* poi'd her Scales  
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:  
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,  
With all that spurious brood Young *Jove* begat,  
In horrid shapes were yet unknown;  
Those Halcyon dayes, that golden age is gone:  
There was no Client then to wait  
The leisure of this long tayl'd Advocate;  
The Talion Law was in request,  
And Chanc'ry Courts were kept in ev'sy breſt:  
Abused Statutes had no Tenter,  
And men could deal ſecure without indentures:  
There was no peeping hole to clear  
The wittul's eye from his incarnate fear;  
There were no luſtful Cinders then  
To briall the Carbonado'd hearts of men:  
The rosie checks did then proclaim  
A shame of Guilt, but not a guilt of shame:  
There was no whining ſoul to start  
At Cupid's twang, or curse his flaming dart:  
The Boy had then but callow wings,  
And fell *Aryana* Scorpions had no ſlings:

The better world did move  
Upon the fixed poles of Truth and Love.  
Love essenc'd in the hearts of men !  
Then Reason rul'd, there was no passion then ;  
Till Lust and rage began to enter,  
Love the Circumference was, and love the Center  
Until the wanton days of Jove.  
The simple world was all compos'd of Love ;  
But Jove grew fleshly, false, unjust ;  
Inferior beauty fill'd his veins with lust ;  
And Cuscquean Juno's fury hurl'd  
Fierce balls of rape into th' incestuous world :  
~~Affres~~ Red, and love return'd  
From earth, earth boyld with lust, with rage it burn'd :  
And ever since the world hath been  
Kept going with the scourge of Lust and Spleen.

S. AMBROS.

## S. AMBROS.

Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a false gallop.

## HUGO.

Lust is an immoderate wantonnes of the flesh, a sweet poison, a cruel pestilence; a pernicious poison, which weakneth the body of man, and effeminateþ the strength of an heroick mind.

## S. AUGUST.

Evy is the hatred of anothers felicity: in respect of Superiors, because they are not equal to them; in respect of Inferiors, lest he should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them: Through evy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Christ.

## EPIG. 5.

What, Cupid, must the world be lash'd so soon?  
But made at morning, and he whipt at noon?  
'Tis like the wagge, that plays with Venus Doves,  
The more 'tis lash'd, the more perverse it proves.

24  
VI.



*In cruce tuta quies*

24

V I.

**ECCLES. 2. 17.***All is vanity and vexation of Spirit.*

**H**OW is the anxious soul of man befool'd  
 In his desire,  
 That thinks an Heckick feaver may be cool'd  
 In flames of fire,  
 Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold  
 From nasty mire !  
 A whining Lover may as well request  
 A scornful breast  
 To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

2

Let wit, and all her studied plots effect  
 The best they can ;  
 Let smiling Fortune prosper and perfect  
 What wit began,  
 Let earth advise with both, and so project  
 A happy man ;  
 Let wit or fawning Fortune vie their best ;  
 He may be blest  
 With all that earth can give : but earth can give no rest.

3

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,  
 His cares are double,

C

The

The Pleasure, Honour, Wealth of Sea and Land  
Bring but a trouble;

The World it self, and all the Worlds command—

The strong desires of mans infatiate breast  
May stand possest

Of all that Earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

## 4

The World's a seeming Par'dise, but her own  
And man's tormentor;

Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone  
Without a tenter;

It is a vast Circumference, where none  
Can find a Center.

Of more than Earth, can Earth make none possest;  
And he that least

Regards this restless World, shall in this world find rest.

## 5

True rest consists not in the oft revying  
Of worldly dross;

Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;  
Her gain is loss;

Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying  
Upon her cross.

How worldlings droyl for trouble! That fond breast  
That is posses'd

Of Earth without a cross has Earth without a rest.

## CASS. in P.L.

The Cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humble : The affliction of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the just.

## DAMASCEN.

The Cross of Christ is the key of Paradise : the weak mans staff : the Converts convey : the upright mans perfection : the soul and bodies health:the prevention of all evil, and the promoter of all good.

## EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whose whimpering folly holds the losses  
Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth such crosses,  
Look here, and tell me, what your Arms engrave ;  
When the best end of what ye hugg's a cross.

CASPIA.

## VII.



*Sicut hostis, et otia decisis!*

28

**VII.** To Simon Peter & the other  
brethren of the flock of God  
which is at Babylon, to Iustus & Thymotheus  
& to all the saints in Christ Jesus.

**I Pet. 5. 8.**

*Be sober, be vigilant, because your Adversary  
the Devil as a roaring Lion walketh about  
seeking whom he may devour.*

**W**hy dost thou suffer lustful sloth to creep,  
Dull Cyprian! Lad into thy wanton brows?  
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows?  
At Morpheus shrine? Is this a time to steep  
Thy brains in wasteful slumbers? Up and rouze,  
Thy leaden spirit: Is this a time to sleep?  
Adjourn thy sanguine dreams: awake, arise,  
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all advise,  
Had'st thou as many heads, as thou hast wounded eyes.

2

Look, Look, what horrid furies do await  
Thy flatt'ring slumbers! If thy drowsy head  
But chance to nod, thou fall'st into a bed  
Of sulph'rous flames, whose torments want a date.  
Fond boy, be wise, let not thy thoughts be sed  
With Phrygian wisdom: fools are wise too late:  
Beware betimes, and let thy reason sever  
Those gates which passion clos'd; wake now or never,  
For if thou nod'st thou fall'st, and falling fall'st for ever.

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:  
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;  
He aims, he levels at thy flumb'ring heart:

C 3

The

The wound is posting, O be wise, beware.

What? has the voice of danger lost the art  
To raise the spirit of neglected care?

Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft reposes.

But know withal sweat raths have sowr closes;  
And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

## 4

Yet sluggard, wake, and gull thy Soul no more  
With earth's false pleasure, and the world's delight,  
Whose fruit is fair, and pleasing to the sight,  
But sowr in tast, false as the putrid core:  
Thy flaring glas is gems at her half light,  
She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor:  
She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell;  
Performs an inch of her fair promis'd ell:  
Her words protest a Heaven; her works produce an hell.

## 5

O thou the fountain of whose better part,  
Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain desire:  
That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire  
And base pollution of a lustful heart,  
That feel'st no passion, but in wanton fire,  
And ownst no torment but in Cupid's darts;  
Behold thy type: Thou sit'st upon this ball  
Of earth, secure, while death that flings at all,  
Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend thy  
fall.

S. BERN.

## S. BERN.

Security is no where : neither in Heaven nor in Paradise, much less in the World : in Heaven the Angels fell from the divine presence ; in Paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure ; in the world, Judas fell from the School of our Saviour.

## HUGO.

\* I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as though I had past the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and escaped the torments of hell-fire : I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the Kingdom of Heaven.

## EPIG. 7.

Get up, my soul ; Redeem thy slavish eyes  
From drowsy bondage : Obeware, be wise !  
Thy Fo's before thee ; thou must fight or fly ;  
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

## VIIA.

DE 2 N.

S. HEGO.

*Et risu necat*

## VIII.

## LUKE 6. 25.

*Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn  
and weep.*

The world's a popular disease, that reigns  
 Within the froward heart and frantick brains  
 Of poor distemper'd mortals, oft arising  
 From ill digestion, through th' unequal poising  
 Of ill-weigh'd Elements, whose light directs  
 Malignant humours to malign effects :  
 One raves and labours with a boylng liver ;  
 Rends hair by handfuls, cursing Cupids quiver :  
 Another with a bloody flux of oaths  
 Vows deep revenge : one dotes : the other loathes :  
 One frisks and fings, and vies a flagon more  
 To drench dry cares, and make the Welkin rore :  
 Another droops ; the Sun-shine makes him sad ;  
 Heav'n cannot please : One's mop'd ; the tother's mad :  
 One huggs his gold ; another lets it fly :  
 He knowing not for whom ; nor tother why.  
 One spends his day in plots, his night in play ;  
 Another sleeps and slugs both night and day :  
 One laughs at this thing ; tother cries for that :  
 But neither one nor tother knows for what.  
 Wonder of wonders ! What we ought t' evite  
 As our disease, we hug as our delight :  
 'Tis held a symptome of approaching danger,  
 When disacquainted Sense becomes a Stranger,  
 And takes no knowledge cf an old disease ;  
 But when a noisom grief begins to please

The unrefitting sense, it is a fear  
That death has parli'd, and compounded there :  
As when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand  
Poures forth a vial on th' infected land,  
At first th' affrighted Mortals quake and fear ;  
And every noile is thought the Thunderer :  
But when the frequent soul-departing bell  
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,  
It is reputed, but a nine dayes wonder,  
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder :  
So when the world (a worse disease) began  
To smart for sin, poor new created Man  
Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous Son  
Knew by his wages, what his hands had done :  
But bold-fac'd Mortals in our blushing times  
Can sing and smile and make a sport of crimes,  
Transgress of custom, and rebel in ease ;  
We false-joy'd-fools can triumph in disease,  
And (as the careless Pilgrim, being bit  
By the Tarantula, begins a fit  
Of life concluding laughter) waste our breath  
In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death,

HUGO.

## HUGO de anima.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentary mirth, the world's power, the fleshes pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth? Where their insolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torments! What hath fallen to them, may befall thee, because thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; thou shalt return to earth. Death expectith thee every where: be wise therefore, and expect death everywhere.

## EPIG. 8.

What ayls the fool to laugh? Does something please  
His vain conceit? Or is't a meer disease?  
Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath;  
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

## I X.



*Frustra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum!*

## IX.

I JOHN 2. 17.

*The World passeth away and all the lusts thereof.*

I

D Raw near, brave Sparks, whose Spirits scorn to light  
Your hallow'd tapers, but at Honours flame ;  
You, whose heroick actions take delight  
To varnish over a new-painted name ;  
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,  
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame ;  
Behold how tott'ring are your high-built stories (ries  
Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of your glo-

2

And you more brain-sick Lovers, that can prize  
A wanton smile before eternal Joyes ;  
That know no heav'n, but in your Mistress eyes ;  
That feel no pleasure, but what sense enjoys ;  
That can like crown-distemper'd fools despise  
True riches, and like babies whine for toyes :  
Think ye the Pageants of your hopes are able  
To stand secure on earth, when earth it self's unstable ?

3

Come dung-hill Worldlings, you that root like swine,  
And cast up golden trenches, where ye come :  
Whose onely pleasure is to undermine,  
And view the secrets of your mothers womb :  
Come bring your Saint pouch'd in his leather shrine,  
And summon all your griping Angels home ;  
Behold your World, the bank of all your store  
The World ye so admire, the World ye so adore.

4

A feeble world whose hot mouth'd pleasures tire  
Before the race ; before the start, retreat ;  
A faithless world, whose false delights expire  
Before the term of half their promis'd date :  
A fickle World, not worth the least desire,  
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of State :  
A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein  
Each motion proves a vice : and ev'ry act a sin.

## 5

The beauty, that of late was in her flower,  
Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust ;  
He that was lately drench'd in *Danass* shower,  
Is master now of neither good nor trust ;  
Whose honour late was mann'd with Princely power,  
His glory now lies buried in the dust ;  
O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,  
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minute !

## 6

Nor length of days nor solid strength of brain,  
Can find a place wherein to rest secure :  
The World is various, and the Earth is vain :  
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure :  
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,  
And what's our only grief's our only cure :  
The world's a torment ; he that would endeavour  
To find the way to rest must seek the way to leave her.

## S. GRE G. in ho.

Behold the world is withered in it self, yet flouriseth in our  
hearts, every where death, every where grief, every where di-  
solation: On every side we are smitten; on every side filled with  
bitterness, and yet with the blind mind of carnal desire we love  
her bitterness: It flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we stick  
to it: And because we cannot enjoy it fallen, we fall with it,  
and enjoy it, fallen.

## EPIG. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but spurn,  
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:  
When Fortune sees, and Lynx ey'd Time is blind,  
I'lle trust thy joyes, O world till then, the wind.

X.



Utriusque crepundia Merces.

40

## JOHN 8. 44.

*Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of  
your father you will do.*

H Ere's your right ground : wag gently o're this black :  
'Tis a short cast ; y'are quickly at the jack ;  
Rub, rub an inch or two ; two crowns to one  
On this bowl's side : blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown !  
The next bowl's worse that comes, come bowl away ;  
Mammon, you know the ground untutor'd, play ;  
Your last was gone, a yard of strength well spar'd,  
Had touch'd the block, your hand is still too hard,  
Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,  
Which without pastime flies too swift away !

See how they labour ; as if day and night  
Were both too short to serve their loose delight ?  
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skue  
Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew :  
One rapps an oath, another deals a curse ;  
He never better bowl'd ; this never worse :  
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs,  
The t'other bends his beetle-brows, and chafes :  
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries  
Send their black *Santo's* to the blushing skies :  
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,  
They make bad Premises, and worse conclusion :  
But where's the Palm that Fortunes hand allows  
To bless the victors honourable brows ?  
Come, Reader, come ; I'll light thine eye the way  
To view the prize, the while the Gamesters play :

Cloſe by the jack, behold, gill fortune stands  
 To wave the game, ſee in her partial bands  
 The glorious garland's held in open show,  
 To chear the Lads, and crown the conq'ror's brow.  
 The world's the jack; the gameſters that contend,  
 Are Cupid, Mammon: that judicious Friend,  
 That gives the ground, is Satan: and the bowls  
 Are ſinful Thoughts; the Prize, a crown for Fools.  
 Who breaths that bowls not? what bold tongue can lay  
 Without a blush, he hath not bowl'd to day?  
 It is the trade of man, and every ſinner  
 Has plaid his rubbers: Every Soul's a winner.  
 The vulgar Proverb's croſt, He hardly can  
 Be a good Bowler and an honest man.  
 Good God! turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;  
 New ſole my bowls, and make their bias true:  
 I'll ceafe to game, till fairer ground be given,  
 Nor wiſh to win, until the mark be Heaven.

S. BERN.

## S. BERNARD. lib. de Confid.

O you sons of Adam, you covetous generation, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and Silver are real earth, red and white, which the only error of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: In short, if they be yours, carry them with you.

## S. HIERON. in Ep.

O Lust, thou infernal fire, whose jewel is gluttony; whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is infamy; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end is hell.

## EPIG. 3.

Mammon well followed: Cupid bravely led;  
Both Touchers; equal Fortune makes a dead:  
No need can measure where the conquest lies;  
Take my advice; compound, and share the Prize.

## XI.



*A handis in astur mit* 44

## XI.

## EPHES. 2. 2.

*Ye walked according to the course of this world,  
according to the Prince of the air.*

O Whither will this mad brain world at last  
Be driv'n? where will her restless wheels arrive?  
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast?  
O whither means her furious groom to drive?  
What will her rambling fits be never past?  
For ever ranging? never once retrive?  
Will Earths perpetual progress ne'r expire?  
Her Team continuing in their fresh careir.  
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

## 2

Sol's hot-mouth'd Steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame;  
And brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire.  
Their twelve hours task perform'd grow stiff and lame,  
And their immortal spirits faint and tire:  
At th' azure mountains foot their labours claim  
The privilege of rest, where they retire  
To quench their burning forelocks, and go steep  
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,  
And fresh their tired souls with strength restoring sleep.

## 3

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got  
'Twixt men and devils, made for race nor flight,  
Can drag the idle world, expecting not  
The bed of rest, but travel with delight;  
Who never weighing way nor weather, trot

Through dust and dirt, and droil both night and day ;  
 Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free pains  
 Are fed with dropfies and venereal blains.  
 No need to use the whip ; but strength to rule the rains.

## 4

Poor captive world ! How has thy lightness given  
 A just occasion to thy foes illusion ?  
 O, how art thou betray'd thus fairly driven  
 In seeming triumph to thy own confusion ?  
 How is thy empty Universe bereaven  
 Of all true joyes, by one false joyes delusion ?  
 So I have seen an unblown virgin feed  
 With sugar'd words so full, that she is led  
 A fair attended Bride to a false Bankrupts bed.

## 5

Full gracious Lord; Let not thine arm forsake  
 The world impounded in her own devices :  
 Think of that pleasure that thou once did'st take  
 Amongst the Lillies and sweet Beds of Spices.  
 Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack  
 The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices :  
 Let not thy dust devouring Dragon boast,  
 His craft has won what Juda's Lion lost ;  
 Remember what is carv'd ; recount the price it cost.

## ISIDOR, lib. I. De summo bone.

*By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more fiercely he troubleth it with persecution; that knowing himself is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.*

## CYPRIAN. in Ep.

*Broad and spacious is the road to infernal life: there are enticements and death-bringing pleasures. There the Devil flattereth that he may deceive; smileth that he may damage; allureth that he may destroy.*

## EPIG. VI.

Nay soft and fair, good world: post not too fast;  
Thy journeys end require, not half this half.  
Unless that arm thou so disdain'st, reprise the same.  
Alas thou needs must go: the devil driveth thee.

## XII.



*In opem me copia fecit.*

## XII.

## ISAIAH 66. II.

*Ye may suck, but not be satisfied with the breast  
of her consolation.*

**W**HAT never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd so fast      (thee:  
Toth' earths full breast? for thine, for shame unseize  
Thou tak'st a surfeit where thou shouldest but fast,  
And mak'st too much, the half enough to please thee.  
Ah, fool, forbear, thou swallowest at one breath  
Both food and poison; down it thou draw'st both milk and  
death.

2  
The ub'rous breasts, when fairly drawn, repast  
The thriving infant with her milkie flood,  
But being overstrain'd, return at last  
Unwholsom gulps compos'd of wind and blood.  
A mod'rare use does both repast and please;  
Who strains beyond a mean draws in and gulps disease.

3  
But, O that mean, whose good the least abuse  
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed!  
Can thorns bring grapes, or Grabs a pleasing juice?  
There's nothing wholsom, where the whole's infected.  
Unseise thy lips: Earth's milk's a pip'ned core  
That drops from her disease, that matters from her sore.

## 4

Think'st thou that paunch, that burlyes out thy coar,  
Is thriving fat; or flesh, that seems so brawny?  
Thy paunch is dropied and thy cheeks are bloat;  
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;

Thy

Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumors ;  
 Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

## 5

And thou whose thriveless hands, are ever straining  
 Earths fluent breasts into an empty sieve,  
 That always hast, yet always art complaining,  
 And whin'st for more than earth has power to give ;  
 Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast ;  
 That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast :

## 6

Go choose a substance, Fool, that will remain  
 Within the limits of thy leaking measure ;  
 Or else go seek an urn that will retain  
 The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure ?  
 Alas, how poorly are thy labours crown'd ?  
 Thy liquor's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

## 7

What less, than Fool, is man, to prog and plot,  
 And lavish out the cream of all his care,  
 To gain poor seeming goods, which being got,  
 Make firm possession but a thorow fare ;  
 Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper.  
 And being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

S. GREG.

## S. GREG. Hom. 3. secund. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the flesh than we ought, we nourish an enemy; if we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a Citizen: the flesh is to be satisfied so far as sufficeth to our good; whosoever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: to be satisfied is a great art; lest by the satiety of the flesh we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

## HUGO de anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

## EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, Fool, so fat? Fool, thee so bare?  
Ye suck the self-same milk, the self-same air:  
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin, and bone?  
The mean's a virtue and the World has none.

## XIII.



*Dum mihi frens timor, Dum mihi calcar agit,*

## XIII.

## JOHN 3. 19.

*Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.*

Lord, when we leave the world and come to Thee,  
How dull, how slug are we!  
How backward! how preposterous is the motion  
Of our ungain devotion!  
Our thoughts are Milstones, and our souls are lead,  
And our desires are dead:  
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;  
Or broken or not made:  
Our better work (if any good) attends  
Upon our private ends:  
In whose performance one poor worldly scoff  
Foils us or beats us off.  
If thy sharp scourge find out some secret fault,  
We grumble or revolt.  
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we stray,  
Or idly lose the way.  
Is the road fair? we loyster: clogg'd with mire?  
We stick or elleretire:  
A lamb appears a Lion; and we fear,  
Each bush we see's a bear.  
When our dull souls direct our thoughts to thee,  
The soft-pinc'd snail is not so slow as we:  
But at earth we dart our wing'd desire,  
We burn, we burn like fire.  
Like as the am'rous needle joyes to bend  
To her magnetick friend.

Or as the greedy Lovers eye-balls fly  
 At his fair Mistress eye :  
 So, so we cling to earth ; we fly and puff,  
 Yet flie not fast enough.  
 If pleasure becken with her balmy hand,  
 Her beck's a strong command :  
 If honour call us with a courtly breath,  
 An hour's delay is death :  
 If profits golden finger'd charms enveigles,  
 We clip more swift than Eagles :  
 Let Auster weep or blust'ring Boreas roar  
 Till eyes or lungs be sore :  
 Let Neptune swell until his dropsy sides  
 Burst into broken tides :  
 Nor threatening Rocks, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Fire,  
 Can curb our fierce desire ;  
 Nor Fire, nor Rocks, can stop our furious minds,  
 Nor Waves, nor Winds :  
 How fast and fearless do our foot steps flee ?  
 The light-foot Roe-buck's not so swift, as we.

S. AUG.

## S. AUGUST. sup. Psal. 64.

Two several lovers built two several Cities ; the love of God buildeth a Jerusalem ; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon : Let every one enquire of himself what he loveth, and he shall resolve himself of whence he is a Citizen.

## S. AUGUST. lib. 3. Confess.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own center : My weight is my love ; by that I am driven whithersoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the less, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

## EPI G. 13.

Lord, scourge my Ass, if she should make no hast,  
And curb my Stag, if he should fly too fast :  
If he be over swift, or she prove idle,  
Let Love lend him a spur : Fear, her a bridle.

A.D. 1612

## XIV.



Phosphore reddet oculum

56

## XIV.

## PSALM. 13. 3.

*Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.*

Will't ne'r be morning? Will that promis'd light  
 Ne'r break, and clear those clouds of night?  
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,  
 whose conqu'ring ray  
 May chase these fogs; Sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

How long! how long shall these benighted eyes  
 Languish in shades, like feeble flies  
 Expecting Spring? How long shall darkness soyl  
 The face of earth, and thus beguile  
 Our souls of sprightly action? when, when will day  
 Begin to dawn, whose new born ray  
 May gild the weather-cocks of our devotion,  
 And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?  
 Sweet Phosphor, bring the day.  
 Thy light will fray  
 These horrid mists? Sweet Phosphor bring the day.

Let those have night that slightly love t'immure  
 Their cloyster'd crimes, and sin secure;  
 Let those have night that blush to let men know  
 The baseness they ne'r blush to do;  
 Let those have night, that love to have a nap  
 And loll in Ignorances lap;  
 Let those whose eyes, like Owls, abhor the light,  
 Let those have night that love the night:

Sweet *Phosper* bring the day ;  
 How sad delay  
 Afflicts dull hopes ? Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

Alas ! my light in vain expecting eyes  
 Can find no object but what rise  
 From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark  
 Of *Vulcan's* forge, whose flames are dark,  
 A dangerous, a dull bleu burning light,  
 As melancholy as the night :  
 Here's all the Suns that glister in the Sphere  
 Of earth : Ah me ! what comfort's here ?  
 Sweet *Phosper* bring the day ;  
 Haste, haste away  
 Heav'n's loyt'ring lamp; sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance : O thou, whose idle knee  
 Rocks earth into a Lethargy,  
 And with thy footy fingers haft bedight  
 The worlds faircheeks, blow, blow thy spight ;  
 Since thou hast puf't our greater Taper; do  
 Puff on, and out the lesser too :  
 If e're that breath-exiled flame return,  
 Thou haft not blown, as it will burn :  
 Sweet *Phosper* bring the day ;  
 Light will repay  
 The wrongs of night : Sweet *Phosper*, bring the day.

## S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. 19.

*God is all to thee : If thou be hungry, he is bread ; if thirsty, he is water ; If in darkness, he is light ; If naked, he is a robe of immortality.*

## ALANUS de conq. nat.

*God is a light that is never darkned ; An unweareid life that cannot die ; a fountain alwayes flowing ; a garden of life ; a seminary of wisdom ; a radical beginning of all goodness.*

## EPI G. 14.

*My soul, if ignorance puff out this light,  
She'll do a favour that intends a spight :  
'T seems dark abroad ; but take this light away,  
Thy windows will discover break a day.*

## XV.



Debiliter fides: Terras Atraa religuit.

## XV.

REV. 12. 12.

*The Devil is come unto you, having great wrath,  
because he knoweth that he hath but a short  
time.*

**L**ord! can't thou see and suffer? is thy hand  
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earth's black Monarch  
A full possession of thy wasted land?  
O, will thy slumb'ring vengeance never wake,  
Till full-ag'd law-refusing Custom shake  
The pillars of thy right by false command?  
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'r'er and come down;  
Behold whose Temples wear thy sacred Crown;  
Redress, redress our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

2

See how the bold Usurper mounts the seat  
Of royal Majesty; How overstrawing  
Perils with Pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat  
With bugbear death, by torments over-awing  
Thy frightened subjects; or by favours drawing  
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat;  
Lord can't thou be so mild, and he so bold?  
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold  
Is govern'd by a Fox? Lord, can't thou see and hold?

3

That swift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence  
Our welcome suits before the King of Kjngs,

E 3

That

That sweet Embassadour, that hurries hence  
 What ayrest' harmonious soul or sighs or sings,  
 See how she flutters with her idle wings ;  
 Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense ;  
 Sense conqu'ring Faith is now grown blind and cold,  
 And basely craven'd, that in times of old  
 Did conquer Heav'n it self, do what th' Almighty could.

## 4

Bethold how double fraud does scourge and tear  
*Astrea's* wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent  
 With knotted cords, whose fury has no eare ;  
 See how she stands a pris'ner to be sent  
 A slave into eternal banishment,  
 I know not whither, O, I know not where :  
 Her Patent must be cancell'd in disgrace ;  
 And sweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,  
 Must act *Astrea's* part, must take *Astrea's* place.

## 5

Faith's pinion's clipt ! And fair *Astrea* gone ?  
 Quick-seeing *Faith* now blind ? And *Justice* see ?  
 Has *Justice* now found wings : and has *Faith* none ?  
 What do we here ? who would not wish to be  
 Dissolv'd from earth, and with *Astrea* flee  
 From this blind dungeon to that Sunbright Throne ?  
 Lord, is thy Scepter lost, or laid aside ?  
 Is hell broke loose, and all her fiends untied ?  
 Lord, rise, and rouze, & rule, and crush their furious pride.

P E T R.

## P E T R O R A V. in Matth.

The Devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the world, mans perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth errors, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth aff. Gion.

## M A C A R.

Let us suffer with those that suffer: and be crucified, with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

## SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

## EPIG. 35.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;  
Judge not the play before the play is done:  
Her plot has many changes: Every day  
Speaks a new Scene; the last act crowns the Play.

I.



*Sic lumine lumen ademptum.*

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## THE

## SECOND BOOK.

I.

ISAIAH. SO. II.

*You that walk in the light of your own fire ; and  
in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie  
down in sorrow.*

**D**O, silly Cupid, snuff and trim  
Thy false, thy feeble light,  
And make her self-consuming flames more bright ;  
Methinks she burns too dim.  
Is this that sprightly fire,  
Whose more than sacred beams inspire  
The ravish'd hearts of men, and so inflame desire ?

2

See, Boy, how thy unthrifthy blaze  
Consumes, how fast she wains ;  
She spends her self, and her, whose wealth maintains  
Her weak, her idle rayes.  
Cannot thy lustful blast,  
Which gave it lustre, make it last ?  
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends so

3

Go, Wanton, place thy palefac'd light  
Where never breaking day  
Intends to visit mortals, or display  
. Thy fallen shades of night :  
Thy torch will burn more clear  
In nights un-Titan'd Hemisphere ;  
Heav'n's scorful flames and thine can never co-exist.

In

4

In vain thy busie hands address  
 Their labour to display  
 Thy easie blaze within the Verge of day ;  
 The greater drowns the les :  
 If Heav'ns bright glory shine,  
 Thy glim'ring sparks must needs resign ;  
 Puff out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will work out thine.

## 5

Go, Cupids rammish Pander, go,  
 Whose dull, whose low desire  
 Can find sufficient warmth from Natures fire,  
 Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,  
 Blow wind made strong with spight ;  
 When thou hast pust the greater light  
 Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made night.

## 6

Deluded mortals, tell me when  
 Your daring breath has blown  
 Heav'ns Taper out, and you have spent your own,  
 What fire shall warm ye then ?  
 Ah fools, perpetual night  
 Shall haunt your souls with Stygian fright,  
 Where they shall boil in flames, but flames shall bring no  
 (light.)

## S. AUGUST.

*The sufficiency of my merit is to know, that my merit is not sufficient.*

## S. GREG. Mor. 25.

*By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he seeth the light of Grace, by so much the more he disdaineth the light of nature.*

## S. GREG. Mor.

*The light of the understanding, humility kindleth, and pride covereth.*

## EPIC. I.

*Thou blow'st heav'n's fire, the whil'st thou go'st about,  
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out:  
Thy folly adds confusion to thy death;  
Heav'n's fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath.*

## II.



Ponit totum expletat orbem.

## II.

## ECCLES. 4. S.

*There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye satisfied with riches.*

O How our wid'ned arms can over-stretch  
Their own dimensions ! How our hands can reach  
Beyond their distance ! How our yielding breast  
Can shrink to be more full, and full possesse  
Of this inferiour Orb ? How earth refin'd  
Can cling to fordid earth ! How kind to kind !  
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, and store w<sup>t</sup> store ;  
Enough requires too much : too much craves more.  
We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,  
That we recoil or burst : the busie Miner  
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,  
And coyning new desires ; desires not knowing  
Where next to pitch, but like the boundless Ocean  
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion.  
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black ey'd night  
First tips her horned brows with easie light,  
Whose curious train of spangled Nymphs attire  
Her next nights glory with increasing fire ;  
Each Ev'ning adds more lustre, and adorns  
The growing beauty of her grasping horns :  
She sucks and draws her brother's golden store  
Until her glutted orb can suck no more,  
Ev'n to the Vulture of insatiate minds  
Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds  
New fowel to increase her rav'rous fire,  
The grave is sooner cloy'd then mens desire :  
We cross the Seas, and midst her waves we burn,  
Transporting lises, perchance that n're returns ;

We sack, we ransack to the utmost lands  
Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands ;  
We travel Sea and Soil, we pry, we proul,  
We progress, and we prog from pole to pole ;  
We spend our mid-day sweat, our midnight oyly,  
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil :  
We make All servile, and the Trade gentile,  
( Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile )  
To compass earth, and with her empty store  
To fill our arms and grasp one handful more ;  
Thus seeking rest, our labours never cease,  
But as our years, our hot desires increase :  
Thus we, poor little Worlds ! with bloud and sweat  
In vain attempt to comprehend the great ;  
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers,  
And what's enclos'd, encloses the enclosers.  
Now Reader close thy book, and then advise :  
Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise ;  
Let not thy nobler thoughts be alwayes raking  
The world's base dunghil; vermin's took by taking :  
Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap  
Of wanton Dalilah ; The world's a Trap.

## HUGO de anima.

Tell me where be those now, that so lately loved and hugg'd  
the world? Nothing remaineth of them but dust and worms;  
Observe what those men were; what those men are: They were  
like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry daies; and  
in a moment slip into hel. Here their flesh is food for worms;  
there their Souls are fewel for fire, till they shall be rejoyned in  
an unhappy fellowship, and cast into eternal torments; where  
they that were once companions in sin, shall be hereafter part-  
ners in punishment.

## EPIG. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still, until that wind,  
That's pent before, find secret vent behind:  
And when th'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what,  
Before I le trust thy armful, I le trust that.

## III.



*Non amat iste; sed hancat amor.*

## III.

JOB. 18. 8.

*He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a snare.*

1

**W**HAT? nets and quiver too? what need there all  
These sly devices to betray poor men?  
Die they not fast enough when thousands fall  
Before thy dart? what need these engines then?  
Attend they not, and answer to thy call,  
Like nightly coveys where thou list and when?  
What needs a stratagem where strength can sway?  
Or what need strength compel, where none gainsay?  
Or what need stratagem or strength, where hearts obey?

2

Husband thy flights: it is but vain to waste  
Honey on those that will be catch'd with gall;  
Thou canst not, ah! thou canst not bid so fast  
As men obey: thou art more slow to call,  
Than they to come; thou canst not make such hast  
To strike, as they being struck make hast to fall.  
Go save thy nets for that rebellious heart  
That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the arm  
To avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fi'ry dart.

3

Lost mortal, how is thy destruction sure,  
Between two bawds, and both without remorse!

F

The

The on's a Line, the tother is a Lure ;

This to entice thy soul ; that to enforce :

Way-laid by both, how canst thou stand secure ?

That draws ; this woos thee to th' eternal curse.

O charming Tyrant, how hast thou befool'd

And slav'd poor man, that would not if he could  
Avoid thy line, thy lure ; nay could not if he would !

## 4

Alas, thy sweet perfidious voice betrays

His wanton ears with thy Syrenian bairs ;

Thou wrapst his eyes in mists, then boldly layes

Thy Lethal gins before their chrystral gates ;

Thou lock'st up ev'ry sense with thy false keys,

All willing pris'ners to thy close deceits :

His ear most nimble, where it deaf should be,

His eye most blind, where most it ought to see, (free.  
And when his heart's most bound, then thinks himself most

## 5

Thou grand Impostor, how hast thou obtain'd

The wardship of the world ? Are all men turn'd

Idiots and Lunaticks ? Are all retain'd

Beneath thy servile bands ; Is none return'd

To his forgotten self ? Has none regain'd

His senses ? Are their senses all adjourn'd ?

What none dismiss thy Court ? Will no plump fee

Bribe thy false fists to make a glad decree,

T' unfool whom thou hast fool'd, & set thy pris'ners free ?

## S. BERN. in Ser.

*In this world is much treachery, little truth ; here all things  
are traps ; here every thing is beset with snares ; here souls are  
endangered, bodies are afflicted ; here all things are vanity  
and vexation of spirit.*

## EPIG. 3.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel, where thou please,  
Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these ;  
Thy thriving sport will ne'r be spent : no need  
To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt speed.

## IV.



*Quoniam graue seruitum est. quod locis oferit.*

## IV.

## HOSEA 13. 3.

*They shall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney.*

Flint-hearted Stoicks, you, whose marble eyes  
 Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise  
 To follow natures too affected fashion,  
 Or travel in the Regent walk of Passion;  
 Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,  
 Or play at fast and loose with smiles and tears;  
 Come burst your spleens with laughter to behold  
 A new found vanity, which daies of old.  
 Ne'r knew: a vanity, that ha' beset  
 The world, and made more slaves than Mahomes:  
 That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke  
 Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.  
 But stay? why tax I thus our modern times,  
 For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?  
 Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?  
 No, they were smok'd and slav'd as well as we:  
 What's sweet-lipt Honorsblast, but smoke? What's treasure  
 But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure?  
 Alas! they're all but shadows, fumes, and blasts;  
 That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes.  
 The restless Merchant, he that loves to steep  
 His brains in wealth, and layes his soul to sleep  
 In bags of Bullion, sees th' immortal crown,  
 And fain would mount, but Ingots keep him down:  
 He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow:  
 He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;

Blow winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke ;  
A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.  
Behold the Glory-vying child of fame,  
That from deep wounds suck such an honour'd name,  
That thinks no purchase worth the stile of good,  
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood ;  
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,  
Undaunted gazes in the face of death ;  
Whose dear bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,  
Breaks with a phillop, or a Gen'ral's frown :  
His stroke-got Honour staggers with a stroke ;  
A slave to honour is a slave to smoke.  
And that fond foul, which wastes his idle dayes  
In loose delights, and sports about the blaze  
Of Cupid's Candle ; he that daily spies  
Twin babies in his Mistris Geminies,  
Whereto his sad devotion does impart  
The sweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart :  
See, how his wings are sindg'd in Cyprian fire,  
Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire :  
The World's a bubble, all the pleasures in it,  
Like morning vapours vanish in a minute :  
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke ;  
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.  
Now, Stoick, cease thy laughter, and repast  
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

S. HIERON.

## S. HIERON.

*That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great, because he is rich : the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggetteth inwardly : He is blown up but not full,*

PETR. RAV.

*Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour : the pomp of the world, and the favour of the people are but smoke : and a blast suddenly vanishing : which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.*

## EPIG. 4.

*Cupid, thy diet's strange : It dulls, it rowzes,  
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looses :  
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot fool, if ev'r it winds thee  
Into a loosesosis once, take heed, it binds thee,*

V.



*Non omne, quod sic micat, aurum est.*

V.

## PROV. 23. 5.

*Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not?  
for riches make themselves wings, they flee  
away as an Eagle.*

1

**F**alse world, thou ly'st : thou canst not lend  
The least delight :  
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,  
They are so slight :  
Thy morning pleasures make an end  
To please at night :  
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st :  
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st  
With heaven; fond earth thou boasts; false world thou ly'st

2

Thy babling tongue tells golden tales  
Of endless treasure ;  
Thy bounty offers easie sales  
Of lasting pleasure ;  
Thou ask'st the Conscience what she ails,  
And swear'st to ease her ;  
There's none can want where thou supply'st :  
There's none can give where thou deny'st.  
Alas, fond world thou boasts ; false world thou ly'st.

3

What well advised ear regards  
What earth can say ?  
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards  
Are painted clay .

Thy cunning can but pack the cards ;  
 Thou canst not play :  
 Thy game at weakest still thou vy'st ;  
 If seen, and then reyy'd, deny'st ;  
 Thou art not what thou seem'st : false world, thou ly'st.

## 4.

Thy tinsil bosome seems a mint,  
 Of new-coin'd treasure,  
 A Paradise, that has no stint,  
 No change, no measure ;  
 A painted cask, but nothing in't,  
 Nor wealth, nor pleasure :  
 Vain earth ! that falsely thus comply'st  
 With man : Vain man ! that thou rely'st  
 On earth : Vain man thou dot'st : Vain earth thou ly'st,

## 5

What mean dull souls, in this high measure  
 To haberdash  
 In earths base wares, whose greatest treasure  
 Is dross and trash ?  
 The height of whose enchanting pleasure  
 Is but a flash ?  
 Are these the goods that thou supply'st  
 His mortals with ? Are these the high'st ?  
 Can these bring cordial peace ? false world thou ly'st.

Book 2.

Bumbleus.

P E T. B L E S.

*The world is deceitful: Her end is doubtful; Her conclusion  
is horrible; her Judge is terrible; and her punishment is in-  
tolerable.*

S. A U G U S T. lib. Confess.

*The vain glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruit-  
less labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour: Her begin-  
ning is without providence, and her end not without repentance,*

E P I C. 5.

World, thou art a Traytor; thou hast flampt thy base  
And chymick metal with great Cæsar's face,  
And with thy bastard bullion thou hast batter'd  
For wares of price; how justly drawn and quarter'd!

## VI.



*Sic decipit orbis.*

173

Quia mundus aperte ostendit  
se falso, et invenit homines  
inventum, et credunt illud esse  
verum, et non vident quod  
est falsum.

## VI.

## JOB 15.31.

*Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity, for vanity shall be his recompence.*

## 1

BElieve her not, her glas diffuses  
False portraiture: thou canst espie  
No true refle&tion: She abuses  
Her mis-inform'd beholders eye;  
Her Chrystal's fally steel'd: it scatters  
Deceitful beams, Believe her not, she flatters.

## 2

This flaring mirour represents  
No right proportion, hiew or feature:  
Her very looks are complements;  
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:  
The skilful gloss of her reflection  
But paints the Context of thy course complexion.

## 3

Were thy dimension but a stride,  
Nay wert thou statur'd but a span,  
Such as the long-bill'd troops defi'd,  
A very fragment of a man?  
She'll make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,  
The yowe-slain Tyrant, or th' Ionick hill.

## 4

Had surfeits, or th' ungracious Star  
Conspir'd to make one common place

Of all deformities that are  
 Within the volume of thy face,  
 She'd lend thee favour should out-move  
 The *Troy-bane Hellen*, or the Queen of Love.

## 5

Were thy consum'd estate as poor  
 As *Laz'rus* or afflicted *Job's* :  
 Shee'l change thy wants to seeming store,  
 And turn thy rags to purple robes ;  
 Shee'l make thy hide-bound-flank appear  
 As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

## 6

Look off, let not thy Opticks be  
 Abus'd : thou seest not what thou should'ft :  
 Thy self's the object thou should'ft see,  
 But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'ft :  
 And shadows thrive the more in stature,  
 The nearer we approach the light of nature.

## 7

Where Heav'ns bright beams look more dire&,  
 The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger :  
 But when they glance their fair aspect,  
 The bold-fac'd shade grows larger, longer :  
 And when their lamp begins to fall,  
 Th' increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

## 8

The soul that seeks the noon of grace,  
 Shrinks in, but swells if grace repeat ;  
 As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,  
 Our self-esteem grow less or great.  
 The least is greatest, and who shall  
 Appear the greatest are the least of all.

HUGO

H U G O lib. de anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God,  
who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: First, thou must  
see the visible things of thy self, before thou canst be prepared  
to know the invisible things of God; for if thou canst not apprehend  
the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the  
things above thee: the best looking glass, wherein to see thy  
God, is perfectly to see thy self.

## EPIG 6.

Be not deceiv'd great Fool: there is no loss  
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross.  
Man is heav'n's Master-piece: If it appear  
More great, the valu's less; if less, more dear,

VII.



*Hic pessima, sic optima feruat.*

## VII.

## DEUTERONOMY 30. 19.

I have set before thee life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life, that thou and thy seed may live.

## I

The world's a Floor, whose swelling heaps retain  
The mingled wages of the Ploughinans toyl ;  
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnowed grain  
Is lodg'd with chaff and buried in her soyl ;  
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain ;  
The good with bad, the noble with the vile ;  
The world's an Ark, wherein things pure and gross  
Present their loss-ful gain, and gainful loss,  
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

## 2

This furnish'd Ark presents the greedy view  
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add,  
Here lasting joyes; here pleasures hourly new,  
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and bads  
All points of Honour, counterfeit and true,  
Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad :  
Here maist thou open wide the two-leav'd door  
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store  
Which being emp'ry most, does overflow the more.

## 3

Come then my soul, approach this royal Burse,  
 And see what wares our great Exchange retains ;  
 Come, come ; here's that shall make a firm divorce -  
 Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains ;  
 No need to sit in council with thy purse,  
 Here's nothing good shall cost more price then pains :  
 But O my soul take heed, if thou rely  
 Upon thy faithless Opticks, thou wilt buy  
 Too blinde a bargain : know, fools onely trade by th' eye.

## 4

The worldly wisedom of the foolish man  
 Islike a sieve, that does alone retain  
 The grosser substance of the worthless brains,  
 But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain  
 So course a purchase, O be thou a fan  
 To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain :  
 Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt desires,  
 Thou art Heav'n's tasker ; and thy God requires,  
 The purest of thy floor, as well as of thy fires.

## 5

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,  
 And wisdome bless thy souls unblemish'd waies,  
 No matter then, how short or long's the lease,  
 Whose date determines thy self-numbered daies :  
 No need to care, for wealths or fames increase,  
 Nor Mars his Palm, nor high Apollo's Bayes.  
 Lord, if thy gratiouſ bountie please to fill  
 The floor of my desires, and teach me skill  
 To dress and chuse the corn, take those the chaff that will.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de doct. Christi.

*Temporal things more ravish in the expectation than in fruition; but things eternal more in the fruition than expectation.*

Ibidem.

*The life of man is the middle between Angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts; but if he delights in spiritual things, he is suited with Angels.*

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a childe? Thou wilt not then be fed,  
But like a childe, and with the childrens bread:  
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn unrest:  
My soul thou favour'st too much of the beast.

G 2

## VIII.



*Puerumque pueros cymbala: at illa vix.*

*mitte: marchalla: sculpsit:*

## VIII.

## PHILIPPIANS 3. 19.

*They mind earthly things, but our conversation is in Heaven.*

Venus.

*Ven.* **W**hat means this peevish brat? Whish, lullaby,  
 What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry?  
 Will nothing still it? Will it neither be  
 Pleas'd with the nurses breast nor mothers knee?  
 What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy  
 To make such whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy!  
 Will nothing do? come, come, this pertish brat,  
 Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?  
 Come buss and friends, my lamb; whish lullaby,  
 What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry?  
 Peace, peace my dear; alas, thy early years  
 Had never faults to merit half these tears;  
 Come smile upon me: Let thy mother spie  
 Thy fathers image in her babies eye:  
 Husband these guiltless drops against the rage  
 Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;  
 Thine eye's not ripe for tears: whish lullaby;  
 What ails my babe, my sweet fac'd babe to cry?  
 Look, look, what's here? A dainty golden thing;  
 See how the dancing bells turn round and ring  
 To please my bantling! Here's a knack will breed  
 An hundred kisses: here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair  
 As Pelops shoulder, or my milk-white pair :  
 Here's right the Father's smile ; when Mars beguil'd  
 Sick Venus of her heart, just thus he smil'd.

### *Divine Cupid.*

Well may they sinile alike ; thy base-bred boy  
 And his base fier had both one cause, a toy :  
 How well their subjects and their smiles agree ?  
 Thy Cupid finds a toy, and Mars found thee :  
 False Queen of beauty, Queen of false delights,  
 thy knee presents an Embleme, that invites  
 Man to himself, whose self-transported heart  
 (Ov'rwhelm'd with native sorrows, and the smart  
 Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,  
 Not knowing why, till heavy-heeld delay,  
 The dull-brow'd Pander of despair, laies by  
 His leaden buskins, and presents his eye  
 With antick trifles, which th' indulgent earth  
 Makes proper objects of mans childish mirth.  
 These be the coyn that pass, the sweets that please ;  
 There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these :  
 These be the pipes that base-born minds dance after,  
 And turn immod'rare tears to lavish laughter ;  
 Whilst Heav'nly raptures pass without regard ;  
 Their strings are harsh, and their high strains unheard :  
 The ploughmans whistle or the trivial flute  
 Find more respect then great Apollo's lute :  
 We'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joyes ;  
 Let swine love husks, and children whine for toyes.

S. BERN,

## S. BERN.

*That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being once possessed thereof) none can take from thee : whereto all pleasure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.*

## S. BERN.

*Joy in a changeable subject must necessarily change as the subject changeth.*

## EPIG. 8.

Peace, childish Cupid, peace : thy finger'd eye  
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry :  
But are thy peevish wranglings thus appeas'd ?  
Well mayst thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.

## IX.



Erras hic vix ad illum.

Wm Marshall sculpsit.

## IX.

## ISAIAH 10. 3.

*What will you do in the day of your visitation,  
to whom will ye flee for help? and where  
will you leave your glory?*

**I**S this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow  
Has shot so many flaming darts,  
And made so many wounded Beauties go  
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?  
Is this that Sov'reign Deity that brings

The slavish world in awe, and stings      (Kings?  
The blundering souls of swains, and stoops the heart of

**2**  
What Circean charan, what Hecatean spight  
Has thus abus'd the God of love?  
Great Jove was vanquish'd by his greater might  
(And who is stronger-arm'd then Jove?)  
Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,  
And (fearing Argus eyes) would scape  
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

**3**  
Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd  
The malice of injurious Fates?  
Ah, where's that pearl Percullis that adorn'd  
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?  
Where be those killing eyes, that so control'd  
The world? And locks that did infold  
Like knots of flaming wire, like curles of burnish'd gold?

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatean spite,  
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above ;  
Twas neither Circe's spell, nor Stygian sp'rit,  
That thus transform'd our God of Love ;  
'Twas owl-ey'd Lust (more potent far then they)  
Whose eyes and actions hate the day :  
Whom all the world observe, whom all the world obey.

See how the latter Trumpets dreadful blast  
Affrights stout Mars his trembling son !  
See, how he startles ! how he stands agast,  
And scrambles from his melting Throne !  
Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears  
The swelt'ring clouds, whilst Heav'n appears.  
A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.

This is that day, whose oft report hath worn  
Neglected tongues of Prophets bare ;  
The faithless subject of the worldlings scorn,  
The sum of men and Angels pray'r :  
This, this the day, whose All discerning light  
Ransacks the secret dens of night,  
And severs good from bad; true joyes from false delight.

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whose wisdom trades  
Where light nev'r shot his golden ray ;  
That hide your actions in Cimmerian shades,  
How will your eyes endure this day ?  
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not bear ;  
There be no caves, no corners there,  
To shade your souls frō fire, to shield your hearts from fear.

HUGO.

## HUGO.

O the extreme loathsomeſſe of fliſhly luſt, which not only effeminateſſe the minde, but enerveſſe the body; which not only defameſſe the ſoul, but diſguifeſſe the perſon! It is uhered with fury and wantonneſſe; it is accompanied with filthineſſe and uncleaneſſe; and it is followed with grief and repenſance.

## EPIG. 9.

What? Sweet fac'd Cupid, has thy baſtard-treasure,  
Thy boated honours and thy bold-fac'd pleasure  
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,  
To what they'd bring thee, fool, To wit, to woe.

X.



*Tunc : in me est.*

## X.

NAHUM 2. 10.

*She is empty, and void, and waste.*

1  
 She's empty : hark, she sounds, there's nothing there  
     But noise to fill thy ear;  
 Thy vain enquiry can at length but find  
     A blast of murmur'ring wind:  
 It is a cask, that seems as full as fair ;  
     But ne'erly runn'd with air,  
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds :  
     The soul that vainly finds  
 Her joyes upon this world but feeds on empty sounds.

## 2

She's empty : hark, she sounds : there's nothing in't,  
     The spark-ingend-ring flint  
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first  
     Dissolve and quench thy thirst,  
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast  
     With smooth-fac'd calms of rest ?  
 Thou mayst as well expect Meridian light  
     From shades of black-mouth'd night,  
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's

## 3

She's empty : hark, she sounds ; 'tis void and vast ;  
 What if some flatt'ring blast  
 Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,  
 And whisper in thine ear ?  
 It is but winde, and blows but where it list,  
 And vanisheth like a mist.  
 Poor honour earth can give ! What gen'rous minde  
 Would be so base to binde  
 Her Heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of winde ?

## 4

She's empty : hark, she sounds : 'tis but a ball  
 For fools to play withall :  
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,  
 That's lin'd with silken trouble :  
 It is a world, whose work and recreation  
 Is vanity and vexation ;  
 A Hag, repair'd with vice complexion paint,  
 A quest-house of complaint :  
 It is a saint, a fiend, worse fiend, when most a saint.

## 5

She's empty : hark, she sounds : 'tis vain and void,  
 What's here to be enjoy'd  
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,  
 Drawn now, and cross'd to morrow ?  
 Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,  
 Reviv'd with living death ?  
 Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds  
 Then what dull flesh propounds :  
 Trust not this hollow world, she's empty : hark, she sounds.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

*Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich ; contemn glory and thou shalt be glorious ; contemn injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror ; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest ; contemn earth, and thou shalt finde Heaven.*

HUGO lib. de Vanit. mundi.

*The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.*

EPIG. 10.

This house is to be let for life or years,  
Her rent is sorrow, and her Income tears:  
*Cupid*, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,  
She must be dearly let or let alone.

## XI.



*Cunctum adhuc sum.*

## XL.

MATTH. 7. 14,

*Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*

PREPOT'rous fool, thou troul'st amiss ;  
 Thou err'st ; that's not the way, 'tis this :  
 Thy hopes instructed by thine eye,  
 Make thee appear more neer than I ;  
 My floor is not so flat, so fine,  
 And has more obvious rubs than thine :  
 'Tis true my way is hard and strait,  
 And leads me through a thorny gate :  
 Whose rankling pricks are sharp and fell ;  
 The Common way to Heav'n's by hell :  
 'Tis true ; thy path is short and fair,  
 And free from rubs : Ah, fool beware,  
 The safest road's not alwayes ev'n ;  
 The way to Hell's a seeming Heav'n :  
 Think'st thou the Crown of Glory's had  
 With idle ease, fond Cyprian lad ?  
 Think'st thou, that mirth, and vain delights,  
 High feed, and shadow-shorning nights,  
 Soft knees, full bones and beds of down,  
 Are proper Prologues to a Crown ?  
 Or canst thou hope to come and view,  
 Like prosperous Cesar, and subdue ?  
 The bondslave Hiser will trudge  
 In spight of Gouts, will turn a drudge,  
 And serve his soul condemning purse,  
 T' increase it with the widows curse :

And shall the crown of glory stand  
 Not worth the waving of an hand  
 The fleshly wanton to obtain  
 His minute lust, will count it gain  
 To loose his freedom, his estate,  
 Upon so dear, so sweet a rate ;  
 Shall pleasures thus be priz'd, and must  
 Heav'n's Palm be cheaper than a lust ?  
 The true-bred spark, to hoise his name  
 Upon the waxen wings of fame,  
 Will fight undaunted in a floud  
 That's rais'd with brakith drops and blood :  
 And shall the promis'd Crown of life  
 Be thought a toy, not worth a strife ?  
 An easie good brings easie gains ;  
 But things of price are bought with pains :  
 The pleasing way is not the right :  
 He that would conquer Heav'n must fight.

S. HIERON.

S. HIERON. in Ep:

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternity is the mark we level at.

S. G R E G. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

E P I G: II.

O Cupid, if thy smoother way were right,  
I should mistrust this Crown were counterfeit :  
The way's not easie where the Prize is great :  
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

H. 2

## XII.



*In cruce stat securus amor.*

Love stands secure at the cross,  
And dares to trust in his Cross;

## XII.

• GALAT. 6. 14.

*God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross.*

1  
**C**an nothing settle my uncertain breast,  
 And fix thy rambling love?  
 Can my affections find out nothing best?  
 But still and still remove?  
 Has earth no mercy? will no Ark of rest  
 Receive my restless Dove?  
 Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,  
 To bless my full desire  
 With joyes that never change; with joyes that ne'r expire

2  
 I wanted wealth; and at my dear request,  
 Earth lent a quick supply;  
 I wanted mirth to charm my fallen breast;  
 And who more brisk than I?  
 I wanted fame to glorifie the rest;  
 My fame flew eagle-high;  
 My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd;  
 Wealth vanish'd like a shade,  
 My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

## 3.

The world's an Ocean, hurried too and fro  
 with ev'ry blast of passion:

Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,  
 Are tides of mans vexation :  
 They alter daily, and they daily grow  
 The worse by alteration :  
 The earth's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting measure ;  
 Her precious wine is pleasure ;  
 Her yeast is honours puff ; Her lees are wordly treasure.

## 4

My trust is in the Cross : let beauty flag  
 Her loose, her wanton sail ;  
 Let count'nance-guilding honour cease to brag  
 In courtly terms, and vail ;  
 Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag  
 Her base, though golden tail ;  
 False beauties conquest is but real loss,  
 And wealth, but golden dross ;  
 Best honour's but a blast : my trust is in the Cross.

## 5

My trust is in the cross : There lies my rest ;  
 My fast, my sole delight :  
 Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot mouth'd East  
 Blow till they burst with spight :  
 Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,  
 And joyn their twisted might ;  
 Let showers of thunder-bolts dart down, and wound me  
 And troops of friends surround me,  
 All this may well confront; all this shall ne'r confound me.

## S. AUGUST.

*Christ's Cross is the Christcross of all our happiness : It delivereth us from all blindness of error, and enriches our darkness with light ; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest ; It bringeth Strangers to Gods acquaintance ; It maketh remote forreigners near neighbours ; It cutteth off discord ; concludeth a league of everlasting peace ; and is the bounteous author of all good.*

## S. BERN. in Ser. de resur.

*We find glory in the Cross ; to us that are saved, it is the power of God, and the fulness of all virtues.*

## EPIG. 12.

I follow'd rest, rest fled and soon forsook me ;  
I ran from grief, grief ran and overtook me.  
What shall I do ? lest I be too much cast  
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be cast.

## XIII.

*Puff Adder Demon*

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## XIII.

## PROV. 26. 11.

*As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.*

O I am wounded ! and my wounds do smart  
Beyond my patience, or great Chiron's art ;  
I yeild, I yeild ; the day, the Palm is thine ;  
Thy bow's more true ; thy shaft's more fierce than mine.  
Hold, hold, O bold thy conq'ring hand. What need  
To send more darts ? the first has done the deed :  
Oft have we struggled, when our equal arms  
Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms ;  
But this exceeds, and with her flaming-head,  
Twy-fork'd with death, has struck my conscience dead.  
But must I die ? Ah me ! if that were all,  
Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds and call  
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure  
These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.  
But something whispers in my dying ear,  
There is an after-day ; which day I fear :  
The slender debt to Nature's quickly paid,  
Discharg'd perchance with g'eat' er ease than makes ;  
But if that pale fac'd Sergeant make arrest,  
Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least  
Is more then all this lower world can bail )  
Be entred, and condemn me to the jail  
Of Stygian darkness bound in red hot chaine,  
. And grip'd with tortures worse than Titian pains.  
Farewel my raign, farewell my loose delights ;  
Farewel my rambling dayes, my rev'ling nights ;

'Twas you betray'd me first, and when ye found  
My soul advantage, g<sup>a</sup>ve my soul the wound :  
Farewel my bullion gods, whose sovereign looks  
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks :  
Go seek another slave ; ye must all go ;  
I cannot serve my God and Bullion too.  
Farewel false honour ; you, whose airy wings  
Did mount my soul above the thrones of Kings ;  
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in disdain,  
Nipt my green buds ; then kick'd me down again :  
Farewel my bow ; farewel my Cyprian Quiver ;  
Farewel dear world, farewell dear world for ever.  
O, but this most delicious world, how sweet  
Her pleasures relish ! Ah ! How jump they meet  
The grasping soul, and with their sprightly fire,  
Revive, and raise, and rowze the wrapt desire !  
For ever ? O, to part so long ? what ? never  
Meet more ? another year, and then for ever :  
Too quick resolves do resolution wrong ;  
What, part so soon, to be divorc'd so long ?  
Things to be done are long to be debated ;  
Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.

## S. AUGUST. lib. de util. agen. poen.

*Go up my soul into the tribunal of thy Conscience : there sit thy guilty self before thy self : Hide not thy self behind thy self, lest God bring thee forth before thy self.*

## S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

*In vain is that washing, where the next sin defileth : He bath ill repented, whose sins are repeated : that stomach is the worse for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.*

## ANSELM.

*God bath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.*

## EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart,  
As it bath prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy hearr,  
'T had been thy friend : O how bath it deceiv'd thee !  
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had sav'd thee.

## XIV.



## XIV.

## PROV. 24, 16.

*A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again, but the wicked shall fall into mischief.*

'Tis but a soil at best, and that's the most  
Your skill can boast :  
My flipp'ry footing fail'd me ; and you tript  
Just as I slipt :  
My wanton weakness did her self betray  
With too much play :  
I was too bold, He never yet stood sure :  
That stands secure :  
Who ever trusted to his native strength,  
But fell at length ?  
The title's craz'd, the tenure is not good,  
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

2

Boast not thy skill, the righteous man falls oft,  
Yet falls but soft :  
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones  
To crush his bones :  
What if he staggers? Nay, put case he be  
Foil'd on his knee ?  
That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo  
For mercy too :  
The true-bred Gamester ups a fresh, and then,  
Falls to't agen ;  
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,  
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

Boast.

## 3

Beast not thy Conquest ; thou that ev'ry hour  
     Fall'st ten times lower,  
 Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,  
     To fall more base :  
 Thou wallow'st where I slip ; and thou dost tumble,  
     Where I but stumble :  
 Thou glory'st in thy slav'ries dirty badges,  
     And fall'st for wages :  
 Sowr grief and sad repentance scours and clears  
     My stains with tears :  
 Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure ;  
 But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

## 4

Lord, what a nothing is this little span,  
     We call a Man !  
 What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires  
     Of his desires !  
 How slight and short are his resolves at longest  
     How weak at strongest !  
 O if a sinner held by that fast hand,  
     Can hardly stand,  
 Good God ! in what a desp'rate case are they ?  
     That have no stay !  
 Mans state implies a necessary curse ;  
 When not himself, he's mad ; when most himself, he's worst.

S. AMBROS.

## S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad vincula.

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell. In so much that he found more grace than he lost grace.

## S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no such bairious matter to fall afflicted, as being down to lie dejected: It is no danger for a souldier to receive a wound in battel, but after the wound received, through despair of recovery to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded Champions wear the palm at last, and after fight, crowned with victory.

## EPIG. 14:

Triumph not *Cupid*, his mischance doth show  
Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost always do:  
Brag not too soon: has thy prevailing hand  
Foil'd him? Ah fool, th' hast taught him how to stand.

## XV.



*Pater natus; claudicu nabi.*

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## XV.

## JEREMIAH 32, 40.

*I will put fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.*

So, now the Soul's sublim'd : her sowl desires  
 Are recalci'n'd in heaven's well temp'red fires :  
 The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossie nature,  
 Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature :  
 It lives another life, it breaths new breath ;  
 It neither fears nor feels the sting of death,  
 Like as the idle vagrant (having none)  
 That boldly 'dopts each house he views, his own ;  
 Makes ev'ry purse his chequer ; and at pleasure,  
 Walks forth, and taxes all the world like Caesar ;  
 At length by vertue of a just command,  
 His fides are lent to a severer hand ;  
 Whereon his Paſt, not fully understood,  
 Is texted in a manuscript of blood :  
 Thus paſt from town to town ; until he come  
 A ſore repentant to his native home :  
 Ev'n ſo the rambling heart, that idly roves  
 From crimes to ſin, and uncontrol'd removes  
 From luſt to luſt, when wanton flesh invites  
 From old-worn pleasures to new choice delights,  
 At length corrected by the filial rod  
 Of his offended (but his gratiouſ God-)  
 And laſh'd from ſins to fight ; and by degrees,  
 From fight to vows, from vows to bended knees ;  
 From bended knees to a true penſive bref ;  
 From thence to torments, not by tongues expreſſ,

Returns; (and from his sinful self exil'd)  
 Finds a glad father, he a welcome child :  
 O then it lives ; O then it lives involv'd  
 In secret raptures; pants to be dissolv'd :  
 The royal Off-spring of a second Birth  
 Sets ope to Heav'n, and shuts the doors to earth :  
 If love-sick Jove commanded clouds should hap  
 To rain such show'rs as quickned Danae's lap :  
 Or Dogs (far kinder than their purple master)  
 Should lick his sores, he laughs, nor weeps the faster.  
 If earth (Heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray ;  
 To Heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay :  
 If earth present delights, it scorns to draw,  
 But like the jet unrub'd, disdains that straw :  
 No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it ;  
 No grief disturbs it ; and no errour guides it ;  
 No guilt condemns, and no folly shames it ;  
 No sloth besots it ; and no lust entralls it ;  
 No scorn afflicts it, and no passion gawls it :  
 It is a cark'net of immortal life ;  
 An Ark of peace ; the lists of sacred strife ;  
 A purer piece of endless transitory ;  
 A Shrine of Grace, a little throne of Glory :  
 A Heav'n born Off-spring of a new-born birth ;  
 An earthly Heav'n ; an ounce of Heav'nly earth.

S. AUGUST.

## S. AUGUST. de Spis. &amp; Animas.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility submitteth,  
where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where  
perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion  
protecteth, where charity connecteth.

## S. G R E G.

Which way soever the heart turneth it self (if carefully)  
it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God,  
in those very things we shall find God: It shall find the heat of  
his power in consideration of those things, in the love of which  
things he was most cold, and by what things, it fell, perverted,  
by those things it is raised, converted.

## E P I G. 15.

My heart! but wherefore do I call thee so?  
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:  
When thou wer'st false and fleshly, I was thine;  
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.



Lord all my desire is before thee and my  
morning is not hid from thee Ps: 50

# THE THIRD BOOK.

## *The Entertainment.*

**A**LL you whose better thoughts are newly born,  
 And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn  
 The worlds base trash, whose necks disdain to bear  
 Th' imperious yoke of Satan ; whose chaste ear  
 No wanton Songs of Syrens can surprize  
 With false delight ; whose more than Eagle-eyes  
 Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze  
 On glitt'ring beams of honour, and do not daze ;  
 Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny  
 The loose suggestions of the flesh, draw nigh ;  
 And you whose am'rous, whose select desires  
 Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,  
 Which (like the rising Sun) put out the light  
 Of Venus star, and turn her day to night ;  
 You that would love and have your passions crown'd  
 With greater happiness, than can be found  
 In your own wishes ; you that would affect  
 Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect  
 Shall wound your tortur'd souls ; that would enjoy,  
 Where neither want can pinch, nor fulness cloyz  
 Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear  
 Unflames your courage in pursuit, draw near,  
 Shake hands with earth, and let your soul respect  
 Her joyes no further, than her joyes reflect  
 Upon her makers glory : if thou swim  
 In wealth, see him in all ; see all in him :

Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small cruse spent?  
See him in want : enjoy him in content :  
Conceiv'st him lodg'd in Cross, or lost in pain ?  
In Pray'r and Patience find him out again :  
Make Heav'n thy Mistris, let no change remove  
Thy loyal heart ; be fond ; be sick of love :  
What if he stop his ear, or knit his brow ?  
At length he'l be as fond, as sick as thou :  
Dart up thy soul in groans : Thy secret groan  
Shall pierce his ear, shall pierce his ear alone :  
Dart up thy soul in vows : Thy sacred vow  
Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone shall know :  
Dart up thy soul in sighs : Thy whisp'ring sigh  
Shall rouse his ears, and fear no listner nigh :  
Send up thy groans, thy sighs, thy closet-vow ;  
Ther's none, ther's none shall know but Heav'n and thou :  
Groans fresh'd with vows, and vows made salt with tears,  
Unscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd ears :  
Shoot up the bosome-shafts of thy desire,  
Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire.  
And they will hit : Fear not, where Heav'n bids come :  
Heavn's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb,





My Soul hath desired thee in the  
Night - Esay: 26:

## I.

## ISAIAH 26. 6.

*My soul hath desired thee in the night.*

Good God ! what horrid darkness doth surround  
My groping soul ! how are my senses bound  
In utter shades : and muzzled from the light,  
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night !  
The bold-fac'd Lamp of Heav'n can set and rise ;  
And with his morning glory fill the eyes  
Of gazing mortals ; his victorious ray  
Can chase the shadows, and restore the day :  
Nights bashful Empress, though she often wain,  
As oft repents her darkness, primes again ;  
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace  
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her silver face.  
But ah, my Sun deep swallow'd in his fall,  
Is set and cannot shine, nor rise at all :  
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light ;  
Alas, my darkness is perpetual night,  
Falls have their risings, wainings have their primes,  
And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times ;  
Ebs have their Flouds, and Autumns haye their Springs :  
All States have changes hurtied with the swings  
Of Chance and Time, still riding to and fro :  
Terrestrial bodies and celestial too.  
How often have I vainly grop'd about,  
With length'ned arms to find a passage out,  
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,  
And bathe my soul in those celestial fires ?  
Like as the haggard, cloistered in her mew,  
To scowl her downy robes, and to renew

Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook  
 The tim'rous Mallard at the sliding brook,  
 Jets oft from perch to perch; from stock to ground,  
 From ground to window, thus surveying round  
 Her Dove befeather'd Prison, till at length  
 (Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength.  
 Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak  
 Nipps off her jangling jesses, strives to break  
 Her gingling fettters, and begins to bate  
 At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate:  
 Ev'n so my weary soul, that long has bin  
 An Inmate in this Tenement of sin,  
 Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd Error, which invites  
 My cloist'red thoughts to feed on black delights,  
 Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart  
 Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art  
 The Sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright  
 These duskie clouds that make so dark a night:  
 Shine forth great Glory, shine; that I may see  
 Both how to loath my self, and honour Thee:  
 But if my weakness force thee to deny  
 Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:  
 If I must want those Beams; I wish, yet grant,  
 That I, at least, may wish those Beams, I want.

## S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 33.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes,  
so that I could not see the Sun of Justice & the Light of Truth :  
I being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness : I loved  
my darkness, because I knew not thy light : I was blind, and  
loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness :  
But Lord thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness  
and the shadow of death ; hast called me into this glorious  
light, and behold, I see.

## EPIG. I.

My soul, cheer up ; what if the night be long,  
Heav'n finds an ear, when sinners find a tongue :  
Thy tears are morning show'rs : Heav'n bids me say,  
When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

## II.



O Lord thou knowest my foolishnesse and my  
Sins are not hid from thee Ps:69. 5.

## II.

## PSALM 69. 3.

*O Lord, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee.*

Seest thou this fulsom Ideot? In what measure  
He seems transported with the antick pleasure  
Of childish baubles? Canst thou but admire  
The empty fulness of his vain desire?  
Canst thou conceive such poor delights, as these  
Can fill th' insatiate soul of man, or please  
The fond aspect of his deluded eye?  
Reader, such very fools are thou and I:  
False puffs of honour; the deceitful streams  
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams  
Of pleasure, are our traffick, and enshare  
Our souls, the threefold subject of our care:  
We toil for trash, we barter solid joyes:  
For airy trifles, sell our Heav'n for toyes:  
We knatch at barley grains, whilst pearls stand by  
Despis'd; such very fools are thou and I.  
Aim'st thou at honour? does not th'Ideot shake it  
In his left hand? fond man, step forth and take it:  
Or would'st thou wealth? see now the fool presents thee  
With a full basket, if such wealth contents thee:  
Would'st thou take pleasure? if the fool unstride  
His prancing Stallion, thou maist up and ride:  
Fond man, such is the pleasure, wealth, and honour  
The earth affords such fools, as dore upon her;  
Such is the game whereat earth's ideots flie;  
Such ideots, ah! such fools are thou and I:

Had rebell-man's fool-hardiness extended  
No farther, than himself, and there had ended,  
It had been just ; but thus enrag'd to fly  
Upon the eternal eyes of Majesty,  
And drag the Son of Glory from the brest  
Of his indulgent Father ; to arrest  
His great and sacred Person : in disgrace,  
To spit and spaul upon his Sun-bright-face ;  
To taunt him with base terms ; and being bound,  
To scourge his sofr, his trembling fides ; to wound  
His head with thorns ; his heart with humane fears ;  
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears :  
And then to paddle in the purer stream  
Of his spilt blood, is more, than most extreme :  
Great builder of mankind, canst thou propound  
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound  
Thy handy work ? O ! Canst thou choose but see,  
That mad'st the eye ? Can ought be hid from thee ?  
Thou seest our persons, Lord, and not our guilt ;  
Thou seest not, what thou maist, but what thou wilt :  
The hand that form'd us is enforc'd to be  
A Screen set up betwixt thy work and thee :  
Look, look upon that Hand, and thou shalt spie  
An open wound, a through-fare for thine eye ;  
Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be  
Deny'd between thy gracious eyes and me,  
Yet view the scar ; that scar will countermand  
Thy wrath : O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. Joan.

Fools seem to abound in wealth, when they want, all things ;  
they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most  
miserable ; neither do they understand that they are deluded  
by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. G R E G. in Mor.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much  
we strive to seem outwardly wise.

### EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done :  
Controll'd thy God, and crucifi'd his Son ?  
How sweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee ?  
Thou shedd'st his blood, & that shed blood has sav'd thee ?

III.



Have mercy on me O Lord for I am weak  
O Lord have me for my bones are vexed Ps:62.

## III.

## PSALM. 6. 2.

*Have mercy Lord, upon me, for I am weak ; O  
Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.*

Soul.

Jesus.

Soul. **A** H, Son of David, help : *Jes.* What sinful cry  
Implores the Son of David ? Soul, It is I,  
*Jes.* Who art thou ? Soul. Oh, a deeply wounded brest  
That's heavy laden and would fain have rest.  
*Jes.* I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed  
Like household children, with the childrens bread.  
Soul, True, Lord ; yet tolerate a hungry whelp  
To lick their crumbs : O Son of David, help.  
*Jes.* Poor Soul, what ail'st thou ? *Soul.* O I burn, I fly,  
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly  
To find some ease ; I turn'd my blubber'd face  
From man to man ; I roll from place to place  
T' avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,  
But still I am dogg'd and haunted with my grief ;  
My mid-night torments call the sluggish light  
And when the morning's come, they woo the night.

*Jes.* Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires (*in*)  
*Soul.* Quench, quench my flames, and swage these scorching  
*Jes.* Canst thou believe, my hand can cure thy grief ?  
*Soul.* Lord, I believe ; Lord, help my unbelief.  
*Jes.* Hold forth thine arm and let my fingers try  
Thy pulse ; where chiefly doth thy torment lie ?  
*Soul.* From head to foot ; it reigns in ev'ry part,  
But plays the self law'd tyrant in my heart.

*Jes.* Canst thou digest ? canst relish wholsom food ?  
 How stands thy fast ? *Soul.* To nothing that is good :  
 All sinful trash, and earths unsav'ry stuff  
 I can digest, and relish well enough.

*Jesu.* Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns ?  
*Soul.* Cold to what's good ; to what is bad it burns !  
*Jesu.* How old's thy grief ? *Soul.* I took it at the fall  
 With eating fruit. *Jes.* 'Tis Epidemical :  
 Thy blood's infested, and th' infection sprung  
 From a bad liver : 'Tis a feaver strong  
 And full of death, unless, with present speed,  
 A vein be opened, thou must die, or bleed.

*Soul.* O I am faint and spent : that launce that shall  
 Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal :  
 My soul wants cordials, and has greater need  
 Of blood, then (being spent so far) to bleed :  
 I faint already, if I bleed, I dy.

*Jes.* 'Tis either thou must bleed, sick soul or I :  
 My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins,  
 Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains  
 Then these : chear up ; this precious blood of mine  
 Shall cure thy grief ; my heart shall bleed for thine ;  
 Believe and view me with a faithful eye,  
 Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

## S. AUGUST. lib. 10. Confess.

*Lord, be merciful unto me : As me : Rebolt, I bide not my  
wounds : Thou art a Physician, and I am sick ; Thou art merci-  
ful, and I am miserable.*

## S. G R E G. in Pastoral.

*O Wisdom, with how sweet an art deth thy wine and  
restore health to my healthless soul ! How powerfully merciful,  
how mercifully powerful art thou ? Powerful for me, merci-  
ful to me !*

## EPIG. 3.

Canst thou be sick, and such a Doctor by ?  
Thou canst not live, unless thy Doctor dy !  
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good  
To swage her pains, but the Physicians blood !

IV.



*Look upon affliction and misery  
and know that all is not fair*

*Let not your heart be troubled by the world  
but be of a quiet mind, and let your soul be at rest*

## IV.

## PSALM. 25. 18.

*Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive  
all my sins.*

BOTH work and strokes ? both lash and labour too ?  
What more could Edom, or proud Ashur do ?  
Stripes, after stripes ; and blows succeeding blows ?  
Lord, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes  
No end ? my pains no ease ? no intermission ?  
Is this the state ? is this the sad condition  
Of those that trust thee ? will thy goodness please  
T' allow no other favours ? none but these ?  
Will not the Rhet'rick of my torments move ?  
Are these the symptomes, these the signs of love ?  
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil  
The toy'some task of thy laborious will ?  
May not this labour expiate and purge  
My sin without the addition of a scourge ?  
Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it rains  
Sad showers of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains :  
Beho'd these ridges ; see what purple furrows  
Thy plow has made ; O think upon those sorrows  
That once were thine ; wilt thou not be woo'd  
To mercy by the charms o' sweat and blood ?  
Canst thou forget that drowsie mount, wherein  
Thy dull Disciples sleep, was not my sin  
There punish'd in thy soul ? did not this brow  
Then sweat in thine ? were not those drops now ?  
Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide  
O'reflow'd thy sovereign Sacramental side ;

There was no sin, there was no guilt in Thee,  
That caus'd those pains ; thou sweat'st, thou bled'st for me.  
Was there not blood enough, when one small drop  
Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop  
The mouth of Justice ? Lord, I bled before  
In thy deep wounds ; can Justice challenge more ?  
Or dost thou vainly labour to hedge in  
Thy losses from my sides ? my blood is thin,  
And thy free bounty scorns such easie thrift ;  
No, no, thy blood came not as love but gift.  
But must I ever grind ? And must I earn  
Nothing but stripes ? O wilt thou disaltern  
The rest thou gav'st ? Hast thou perus'd the curse  
Thou laid'st on Adams fall, and made it worse ?  
Canst thou repent of mercy ? Heav'n thought good  
Lost man should feed in sweat ; not work in blood ;  
Why dost thou wound th' already wounded breast ?  
Ah me ! my life is but a pain at best ;  
I am but dying dust : my day's a span ;  
What pleasure tak'st thou in the blood of man ?  
Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere ;  
Send fewer stroaks, or lend more strength to bear.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Hom. 81. in Cant.

Miserable man ! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage ? I am a miserable man but a free man, free, because a man ; miserable, because a servant : In regard of my bondage, miserable ; in regard of my will, inexcusable : For my will, that was free, bestowed it self to sin, by assenting to sin ; for he that committeth sin is the servant to sin.

## EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God : Thine own defaults did urge  
This two-fold punishment ; the mill, the scourge.  
Thy sin's the author of thy self-tormenting :  
Thou grind'st for sinning ; scourg'd for not repenting.

V.



I remember I before this, that thou hast  
made me as the clay; or wilt thou have  
me still as I am? I beseech you, will you let me  
go? for I am thine; if I be not thy servant,  
make me yet thy servant; for I will do thy will.

## J O B. I O. 9.

*Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast made  
me, as the clay; and wilt thou bring me to dust  
again?*

Thus from the bosom of the new made earth  
Poor man was delv'd, and had his unborn birth ;  
The same the stuff, the self same hand doth trim  
The plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him :  
One was their sire, one was their common mother,  
Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother,  
The elder too ; beasts draw the self same breath,  
Wax old alike, and die the self same death :  
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd ;  
Alike they flourish and alike they fade :  
The beast in sense exceeds him, and in growth,  
The three ag'd Oak doth thrice exceed them both :  
Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span  
Of earth ? what art thou more in being man ?  
I, but thy great Creator did inspire  
My chosen earth, with thy diviner fire  
Of reason ; gave me judgment and a will :  
That, to know good ; this, to choose good from ill ;  
He put the reigns of pow'r in my free hand,  
And jurisdiction over sea and Land,  
He gave me art to lengthen out my span  
Of life, and made me all, in being man :  
I, but thy passion has committed treason  
Against the sacred person of thy reason :  
Thy judgment is corrupt, perverse thy will ;  
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill :  
The

The greater height sends down the deeper fall ;  
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worst of all.  
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can  
Thy greatness claim the more in being man ?  
Obut my soul transcends the pitch of nature,  
Born up by th' Image of her high Creator ;  
Out-braves the life of reason, and bears down  
Her waxen wings, kicks of her brazen crown.  
My heart's a living Temple t' entertain  
The King of Glory, and his glorious train :  
How can I mend my title then ? where can  
Ambition find a higher stile than man ?  
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and foil'd ;  
Her Temple's raz'd, her Altars all defil'd ;  
Her vessels are polluted and disstain'd  
With cloathed lust, her ornaments prophan'd ;  
Her oyl-forsaken lamps, and hallow'd tapours  
Put out ; her incense breaths unsav'ry vapours :  
Why swell'st thou then so big, thou little span  
Of earth ? what art thou more in being man ?  
Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay  
My course foundation from a sod of clay,  
Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak ;  
Thou know'st my brittle temper's prone to break ;  
Are my bones braz il, or my flesh of oak ?  
O, mend what thou hast made, what I have broke :  
Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day  
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay,

## S AUGUST. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madest me,  
without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I  
thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by  
whom all things subsist, because thou madest me: I thank thee,  
O my Porter, because thy bands have made me, because thy  
hands have formed me.

## EPIG. 5:

Why swell'st thou, man, puffed up with fame and purse?  
Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worse:  
Thou cam'st from earth, to earth thou must return,  
And art but earth cast from the womb to th' urn,

## VI.



(What shall I do unto thee, o thou  
preserver of men: why hast thou set  
mee as a mark against thee. Job 7. 20)

## VI.

## JOB 7. 20.

*I have sinned? what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? why dost thou set me, as a mark against thee?*

Lord, I have done; and Lord, I have misdone;  
'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one  
That is too strong; 'tis folly to assail  
Or prove an arm, that will, that must prevail.  
I've done, I've done; these trembling bands have thrown  
Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own:  
Forbear to strike where thou haft won the field.  
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.  
These treach'rous hands that were so vainly bold  
To try a thrivelless combat, and to hold  
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended  
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended  
Upon her gardless guard doth now repent.  
Upon his naked floor; See both are bent,  
And sue for pity: O my ragged wound  
Is deep and desp'rare, it is drench'd and drown'd  
In blood and briny tears: It doth begin  
To stink without and putrifie within.  
Let that victorious hand that now appears  
Just in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:  
Thou great preserver of presumptuous man,  
What shall I do? what satisfaction can  
Poor dust and ashes make? O if that blood  
That yet remains unshed were half as good  
As blood of oxen; if my death might be  
An offering to atone my God and me;

I would disdain injurious life, and stand  
A suiter to be wounded from thy hand.  
But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span  
Of life? or balanc'd with the blood of man?  
No, no, eternal sin expects for guerdon,  
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:  
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,  
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;  
Enlarge that soul, which base presumption binds;  
Thy justice cannot loose what mercy finds:  
O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,  
Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.  
Lord, if the peevish infant fights and flies,  
With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes,  
Her frowns (half mixt with smiles) may chance to shew  
An angry love-trick on his arm, or so;  
Where if the Babe but make a lip and cry,  
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by  
She coaks his dewy-cheeks; her babe she blissest,  
And choaks her language with a thousand kisses;  
I am that child; Lo, here I prostrate ly,  
Pleading for mercy; I repent and cry  
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears  
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:  
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,  
And look on ev'ry trespass through a tear:  
Then calm thy anger, and appear more mild;  
Remember, th' art a Father, I, a child.

S. BER N.

S. Bern. Ser. 21. in Cant.

Miserable man ! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage ? I am a miserable man, but a free man : Free, because like to God ; miserable, because against God : O keeper of mankind, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee ? Thou hast set me, because thou hast not hindred me : It is just that thy enemy should be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, should repugn me : I who am against thee, am against myself.

## EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight ? but born, and then rebel ?  
How small a blast will make a bubble swell ?  
But dare the floor affront the hand that laid it ?  
So ape is dust to fly in's face that made it.

## VII.



Wherefore hidest thou thy face,  
or  
holdest mee for thine Enemy. Job.

I don't think I can do it and I might just give up  
I'll just sit here and read my book and wait until  
the time comes and then I'll just go back to my old self  
and just ignore everyone else and just do what I want.

## VII.

JOB. 13, 24.

*Wherefore hidest thou my face, and holdest me  
for thine enemy?*

**W**HY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why  
Does that eclipsing hand so long, deny  
The Sun-shine of my soul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that *Light*, what light remains in me?  
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*, in Thee  
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see:

Thou art my *Life*, If thou but turn away,  
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my *Way*:  
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My *Light* thou art; without thy glorious sight,  
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetual night.  
My *God*, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; I wander, if thou fje:  
Thou art my *Light*; if hid how blind am I?  
Thou art my *Life*; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark; I cannot see;  
To whom or whither should my darkness flee,  
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee?

My path is lost; my wandring steps do stray;  
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay;  
Whom should I seek, but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way*?

O, I am dead : to whom shall I, poor I,  
Repair ? to whom shall my sad ashes fly  
But *Life* ? And where is *Life* but in thine eye ?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fliest me ;  
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me ;  
Speak art thou angry, Lord, or only try'st me ?

Unskreen those heav'ly lamps, or tell me why  
Thou shad'st thy face ? perhaps thou think'st no eye  
Can view those flames and not drop down and die.

If that be all shine forth and draw thee nigher ;  
Let me behold and die, for my desire  
Is *Phœnix* like to perish in that fire.

Death conquer'd *Laz'rus* was redeem'd by thee ;  
If I am dead, Lord, set deaths prisoner free ;  
Am I more spent, or stink I worse than he ?

If my puft life be out, give leave to tine  
My shameless snuff at that bright *Lamp* of thine ?  
What's thy *Light*, the less for lightning mine ?

If I have lost my *Path*, Great Shepherd, say,  
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way ?  
Lord, shall a Lamb of *Is'r'el*'s sheepfold stray ?

Thou art the Pilgrims *Path*, the blind mans *Eye* ;  
The dead mans *Life* ; on thee my hopes rely ;  
If thou remove, I err ; I grope ; I die.

Disclose thy Sun-beams ; close thy wings, and stoy ;  
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,  
O thou that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

## S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 1.

*Why dost thou bide thy face ? happily thou wilt say, none can see thy face and live : Ab Lord, let me die, that I may see thee ; let me see thee, that I may die : I would not live, but die ; that I may see Christ, I desire death ; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.*

## ANSEL M. Med. cap. 5.

*O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection ! My God thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire ; thou hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker ; thou delay'st to give, that thou maist teach me to importune ; seem'st not to hear, to make me persevere.*

## EPIG. 7.

If heav'ns all quickning Eyes vouchsafe to shine  
Upon our souls, we flight ; if not, we whine :  
Our Equinoctial hearts can never lie  
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that eye :

L 2

## VIII.



O that my Head were waters, and  
mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Irr: 2.9.

W.C. Marshall. Sculp: R.

## VIII.

J E R. 9. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may weep day and night.

O That mine eyes were springs, and could transform Their drops to seas? my sighs into a storm Of Zeal, and sacred violence, wherein This lab'ring vessel laden with her sin, Might suffer sudden shipwrack, and be spilt Upon that Rock, where my drench'd soul may sit O'rewhelm'd with plenteous passion; O and there Drop, drop, into an everlasting tear! Ah me! that ev'ry sliding vein that wanders Through this vast Isle, did work her wild Meanders In brackish tears, instead of blood, and swel This flesh with holy Dropsies, from whose Well, Made warm with sighs, may sume my wasting breath Whilst I dissolve in streams, and reek to death! These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes Are much too streight for those quick springs that rise And hourly fill my Temples to the top; I cannot shed for ev'ry sin a drop: Great builder of mankind, why hast thou sent, Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent? O that this flesh had been compos'd of snow, Instead of earth; and bones of ice, that so,

Feeling the fervor of my sin ; and loathing  
The fire I feel, I might be thaw'd to nothing !  
O thou that didst, with hopeful joy, entomb  
Me thrice three Moones in thy laborious womb,  
And then with joyful pain, brought'st forth a Son,  
What worth thy labour has thy labour done ?  
What was there ? Ah ! what was there in my birth  
That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth ?  
A man was born : alas and what's a man ?  
A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span.  
Of flitting time ; a furnish'd Pack, whose wares  
Are sullen Griefs, and soul tormenting Cares :  
A vale of tears ; a vessel tunn'd with breath,  
By sickness broacht, to be drawn out by death :  
A hapless helpless thing ; that, born does cry  
To feed, that feeds to live, that lives to die.  
Great God and Man, whose eye, spent drops so often  
For me that cannot weep enough ; O soften  
These marble brains, and strike this flinty rock ;  
Or, if the musick of thy Peters Cock  
Will more prevail, fill, fill my hearkning ears  
With that sweet sound, that I may melt in tears !  
I cannot weep until thou broach mine eye ;  
Or give me vent, or else I burst, and die.

S. AMBRQS. in Psal. 118.

*He that commits sins to be wept for, cannot weep for sins committed: And being himself most lamentable hath no tears to lament his offences.*

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

*Tears are the deluge of sin, and the worlds sacrifice.*

S. HIERON. in Esaiam.

*Prayer appeases God, but a tear compels him: that moves him, but this constraineth him.*



EPIG. 8.

Earth is an Island ported round with Fears;  
The way to Heav'n is through the Sea of tears.  
It is a stormy passage, where is found  
The wrack of many a ship, but no man drown'd.

L 4

## IX.



The fowndries of hell have encompassed me  
the fowres of death haue overtaken me. psa. 37

## IX.

## PSALM 18. 5.

*The sorrowes of hell compassed me about, and  
the snares of death prevented me.*

IS not this Type well cut ? in ev'ry part  
Full of rich cunning ? fil'd with Zeuxian Art ?  
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygian Hounds  
Limm'd full to th' life ? Didst ever hear the sounds  
The musick, and the lip divided breaths  
Of the strong winded Horn, Recheats, and deaths,  
Done more exact ? Th' infernal Nimrod's hollow ?  
The lawless purlieus ? and the Game they follow ?  
The hidden Engines, and the snares that lie  
So undiscover'd, so obscure to th' eye ?  
The new-drawn net, and her entangled Prey ?  
And him that closes it ? Beholder, say,  
Is't not well done ? seems not an em'lous strife  
Berwixt the rare cut picture and the life ?  
These purlieu men are Devils ? and the hounds,  
(Those quick-nos'd Canibals, that scour the grounds)  
Temptations and the Game, the Fiends pursue ;  
Are humane souls, which still they have in view ;  
Whose fury if they chance to scape, by flying,  
The skilful Hunter plants his net close lying  
On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasures,  
Ambitious honour, and self wasting pleasure :  
Where, if the soul but stoop, death stands prepar'd  
To draw the net, and drown, the soul's ensnar'd.

Poor soul ! how art thou hurried too and fro ?  
Where canst thou safely stay ? where safely go ?  
If stay : these hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to tear thee,  
If go : the Snares enclose, the nets ensnare thee :  
What good in this bad world has pow'r t'invite thee  
A willing Guest ? wherein can earth delight thee ?  
Here pleasures are but itch : Her wealth, but Cares :  
A world of Dangers, and a world of snares :  
The close pursuers busie hands do plant  
Snares in thy substance ; Snares attend thy want ;  
Snares in thy credit ; Snares in thy disgrace ;  
Snares in thy high estate ; Snares in thy base ;  
Snares tuck thy bed : and Snares surround thy boord ;  
Snares watch thy thoughts ; and Snares attach thy word ;  
Snares in thy quiet ; Snares in thy commotion ;  
Snares in thy dyet ; Snares in thy devotion ;  
Snares lurk in thy resolves, Snares in thy doubt,  
Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares without,  
Snares are above thy head, and Snares beneath,  
Snares in thy sickness, Snares are in thy death :  
O, if these purlieus be so full of danger,  
Great God of hearts, the worlds sole sov'reign Ranger,  
Preserve thy Deer, and let my soul be blest  
In thy safe forrest, whcre I seek for rest :  
Then let the Hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill,  
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. A M B R O S. lib. 4. in cap. 4. Luce.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot are the snares of the Devil.

S. A M B R O S. de bono mortis.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares, for the eye of the harlot is the snare of the Adulterer,

### SAVANAR.

In eating he sets before us Gluttony; in generation, luxury; in labor, sluggishness; in converging, envy; in governing, covetousness; in correcting, anger; in honour, pride; in the heart, he sets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions, evil works; when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when asleep, to filthy dreams,

### EPIG. 6.

Be sad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth:  
Thy soul's way-laid by Sea, by Hell, by Earth:  
Hell has her bounds: Earth, snares: the Sea a shelf;  
But most of all, my heart, beware thy self.

## X.



Enter not into judgment with thy  
servant for no man living shall be  
justified in thy sight. Will you com-

## X.

## PSALM. 143. 2.

*Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for  
in thy sight shall no man living be justified.*

Jesus.

Justice.

Sinner.

*Jes.* Bring forth the pris'ner, Justice. *In.* Thy commands  
Are done, just Judge : See here the pris'ner stands.  
*Jes.* What has the pris'ner done ? Say ; what's the cause  
Of his commitment ? *Just.* He hath broken the laws  
Of his too gracious God ; conspir'd the death  
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,  
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

*Jes.* How know'st thou this ? *In.* Ev'n by his own confess.  
His sins are crying ; and they cry'd aloud ! (sion:  
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood.

*Jes.* What sayst thou sinner ? hast thou ought to plead,  
That sentence should not pass ? hold up thy head,  
And shew thy brazen, thy rebellious face

*Sin.* Ah me ! I dare not : I'm too vile and base  
To tread upon the earth, much more to lift  
Mine eyes to heav'n ; I need no other shrift  
Then mine own conscience ; Lord I must confess,  
I am no more than dust, and no whit less  
Than my indictment stiles me ; Ah, if thou  
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,  
What flesh can stand ? I have transgreſt thy laws ;  
My merits plead thy vengeance ; not my cauſe.

*Jes.*

*Just.* Lord shall I strike the blow? *Ies.* Hold, Justice, stay:  
Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?

*Sin.* Vile as I am, and of my self abhor'd,  
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,  
Stamp'd with thy glorious Image, and at first,  
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst  
Convict'd Caitiff, and degenerous creature,  
Here trembling at thy bar. *Just.* Thy fault's the greater;  
Lord shall I strike the blow? *Ies.* Hold, Justice, stay,  
Speak sinner; hast thou nothing more to say?

*Sin.* Nothing but Mercy, Mercy; Lord my state  
Is miserably poor and desperate;  
I quite renounce my self, the world, and flee  
From Lord to Jesus; from thy self, to thee.

*Just.* Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd;  
Abused mercy must have blood for blood:  
Shall I yet strike the blow? *Ies.* Stay, Justice, hold;  
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,  
To view the trembling wretch? Methinks, I spie  
My fathers Image in the pris'ners eye.

*Just.* I cannot hold. *Ies.* Then turn thy thirsty blade  
Into my sides: let there the wound be made:  
Chear up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:  
My soul shall smart; my heart shall bleed for thine.

*Sin.* O groundless deeps! O love beyond degree!  
Th' offended dies, to set th' offender free.

## S. AUGUST.

*Lord, If I have done that, for which thou mayest damn me ;  
thou hast not lost that whereby thou mayest save me : Remem-  
ber not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy be-  
nignity towards thy Creature : Remember not to proceed against  
a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable  
wretch : forget the insolence of the provoker, and behold the  
misery of the invoker ; for what is Jesus but a Saviour ?*

## ANSELM.

*Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget  
what my sins have done against thee : My flesh hath provoked  
thee to vengeance ; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy :  
it is much that my rebellions have deserved ; but it is more  
that my Redeemer hath merited.*

## EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies ! He that was my drudge  
Is now my Advocate, is now my judge :  
He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone :  
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

xi.



*Let not the water-flood overflow me;  
neither let the deeps swallow me up.*

## XV.

## PSALM 69. 15.

*Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deeps swallow me up.*

The world's a Sea ; my flesh a Ship that's mann'd  
 With lab'ring Thoughts, and steer'd by Reasons hands  
 My Heart's the Sea-mans Card, whereby the sailss  
 My loose Affections are the greater Sails :  
 The Top-sail is my Fancie, and the Gufts  
 That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly Lusts.  
 Pray'r is the Cable, at whose end appears  
 The Anchor Hope, nev'r slip'd but in our fears ;  
 My will's th' unconstant Pilot, that commands  
 The stagg'ring Keel ; my Sins are like the Sands :  
 Repentance is the Bucket, and mine Eye  
 The Pump, unus'd (but in extremes) and dry :  
 My Conscience is the Plummet that doth press  
 The deeps, but seldom cries, *A fathom less :*  
 Smooth Calm's security ; the Gulf, despair ;  
 My Fraught's Corruption, and this Life's my Fair ;  
 My Soul's the Passenger, confus'dly driven  
 From fear to fright ; her landing-Port is Heaven.  
 My Seas are stormy, and my Ship doth leak ;  
 My Sailers rude ; my Steers-man faint and weak :  
 My Canvace torn, it flaps from side to side ;  
 My Cable's crackt, my Anchor's slightly ty'd ;  
 My Pilot's craz'd, my shipwrack-Sands are cloak'd ;  
 My Bucket's broken, and my Pump is choak'd ;  
 My Calm's deceitful ; and my Gulf too near ;  
 My Waves are flubber'd, and my Far's too dear :  
 My Plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;  
 O shall my Rock-bethreatned Soul be drown'd ;

Lord, still the Seas, and shield my Ship from harm ;  
Instruct my Sailours, guide my Steermans arm :  
Touch thou my Compass, and renew my Sails,  
Send stiffer courage or send milder gales ;  
Make strong my Cable ; bind my Anchor faster ;  
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Master ;  
Object the Sands to my more serious view,  
Make sound my Bucket, bore my Pump anew :  
New cast my Plummets, make it apt to try  
Where the Rocks lurk, and where the Quick-sands lie ;  
Guard thou the Gulf with love, my Calms with Care ;  
Cleanse thou my fraught ; accept my slender Fare ?  
Refresh the Sea-sick passenger ; cut short  
His Voyage ; land him in his wished Port :  
Thou, Thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,  
That through the deep gav'st grumbling Isr'el way,  
Say to my soul, be safe, and then mine eye  
Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by.  
Or thou whose strength-reviving Arm did cherish  
Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,  
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,  
I'll come, I'll come : the voice that calls will save.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS. Apol. post. pro David, Cap. 3.

*The confluence of lusts makes a great tempest, which in this sea disturbereth the sea-faring soul, that reason cannot govern it.*

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 35.

*We labour in a boisterous sea : Thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers : Give us grace to hold a middle course betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers escaped, we may arrive at our Port secure.*

### EPIG. 11.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger  
In these false coasts ; O keep aloof ; there's danger ;  
Cast forth thy plummet ; see a rock appears ;  
Thy ship wants sea-room ; make it with thy tears.

## XII.



O domine misericordia tua misericordia nostra  
O domine misericordia tua misericordia nostra

## XII.

## JOB 14. 13.

*O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret until thy wrath be past!*

**O** Whither shall I flee ; what path untrod  
Shall I seek out to scape the flaming rod  
Of my offended, of my angry God ?

Where shall I sojourn ? what kind sea will hide  
My head from thunder ? Where shall I abide,  
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside ?

What, if my fear should take their hasty flight,  
And seek protection in the shades of night ?  
Alas, no shades can blind the God of Light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,  
And find some desert ? if she spring away,  
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What, if some solid rock should entertain  
My frightened soul ? Can solid rocks restrain  
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain ?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,  
Nor silent Deserts, nor the sullen Graves,  
Where flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

The Seas will part, Graves open, Rocks will split,  
The Shield will cleave ; the frightened Shadows fly,  
Where Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,  
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,  
So close, but will unlock, or rive in funder.

'Tis vain to flee ; 'tis neither here nor there  
Can scape that hand until that hand forbear ;  
Ah me ! Where is he not, that's every where ?

Tis vanity to flee ; till gentle mercy shew  
Her better eye, the farther off we go,  
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not flie  
His angry mothers hand, but clings more nigh,  
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye,

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false ;  
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls ;  
Poor cots are even as safe as Princes halls.

Great God, there is no safety here below ;  
Thou art my Fortress, though thou seem'st my foe,  
'Tis thou that strik'st the stroke must guard the blow.

Thou art my God ; by thee I fall or stand ;  
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand  
All tortures, but my conscience and thy hand.

I know thy Justice is thy self ; I know,  
Just God, thy very self is Mercy too ;  
If not to thee, where ? Whither should I go ?

Then work thy will ? If passion bid me flee,  
My reason shall obey ; my wings shall be  
Streicht out no further then from thee to thee,

## §. AUGUST. in Psal. 33.

*Whither flic I? To what place can I safely flic? To what mountain? To what den? To what strong house? What Castle shall I hold? What walls shall hold me? Whithersoever I go, my self followeth me: For whatsoever thou fliest, O man, thou maist, but thy own conscience: Wheresoever O Lord I go, I find thee, If angry, a Revenger; if appeased, a Redeemer; What may have I, but to flic from thee to thee: That thou maist avoid thy God, address thee to thy Lord.*

## EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy fears command  
No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand?  
Know'st thou not where to scape? I'll tell thee where;  
My soul make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.

## XIII.



*Are not my days few? Cease thou and let  
me alone that I may bewail my sorrows a little.  
Job: 10.20.*

## XIII.

## JOB 10. 20.

*Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may bewail my self a little.*

**M**Y Glass is half unspent; Forbear t' arrest  
My thrifless day too soon: my poor request  
Is that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done  
Without thy help; see, see how swift they run;  
Cut not my thred before my thred be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay:  
What los sustain'st thou by so small delays,  
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a shift  
To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,  
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift;

The secret wheels of hurrying Time do give  
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,  
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a Life? a weary Pilgrimage,  
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage  
With Child-hood, Man hood, and decrepit Age;

And what's a Life? the flourishing array  
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day  
Wears her green plush, and is to morrow hay.

And what's a Life? A blast sustein'd with clothing,  
Maintein'd with food, rerein'd with yile self-clothing,  
Then weary of it self, again'd to nothing.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour  
My short-liv'd winters day ; hour eats up hour ;  
Alas, the totall's but from eight to four.

Behold these Lillies ( which thy hands have made )  
Fair copies of my life, and open laid  
( To view ) how soon they droop, how soon they fade !

Sad not that dial, night will blind too soon ;  
My non-ag'd day already points to noon ;  
How simple is my suit ! how small my boon !

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while  
The time away, or safely to beguile  
My thoughts with joy ; her's nothing worth a smile.

No, no : 'tis not to please my wanton ears  
With frantick mirth ; I beg but hours, not years :  
And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led :  
That ~~seed~~ has yet not broke my serpents head ;  
O shall I die before my sins are dead ?

Behold these rags ; am I a fitting guest  
To cast the dainties of thy royal feast,  
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest ?

First, let the Jordan streams ( that find supplies  
From the deep fountain of my heart ) arise,  
And cleanse my spots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of sins to be lamented ;  
I have a sea of tears that must be vented :  
O spare till then ; and then I die contented.

S. AU G. lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. 10.

*The time wherein we live is taken from the space of our life ;  
and what remaineth is daily made less and less, in so much that  
the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.*

C S. G R E G. lib. 9. cap. 44. 10. Job.

*As moderate afflictions bring tears, so immoderate take away  
tears ; in so much that sorrow becometh no sorrow, which swal-  
lowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the sense of the  
affliction.*

### EPIG. 13.

Fear'st thou to go, when such an Arm invites thee ?  
Dread'st thou thy loads of sin ? or what affright thee ?  
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins :  
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy sins ?

## XIV.



Obj they were nise, then they would under  
thus; they would. Consider their latter end.

Deuteronomy: 32: 39

## XIV.

## DEUTERONOMY 32. 29.

O that men were wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

*Fleshe* *Spirit.*

*Fl.* What means my sisters eye so oft to pass  
Through the long entry of that Optick glasse?

Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite  
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?

*Sp.* It helps the sight, makes things remote appear  
In perfect view; It draws the objects near.

*Fl.* What sense-delighting objects dost thou spie?  
What doth that Glass present before thine eye?

*Sp.* I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,  
Grim Death, even standing at the Glasses end;  
His left hand holds a branch of Palm; his right  
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight!  
And is this all? doth thy Prospective please  
Th' abused fancie with no shapes but these?

*Sp.* Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n  
Of all his light, the battlements of Heav'n  
Swelt'ring in flames; the Angel-guarded Son  
Of glory on his high Tribunal-Throne;  
I see a Brimstone Sea of boylng fire,  
And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,  
Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,  
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.  
Look, sister, how the queazy-stomack'd Graves  
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves

*Small'd*

Scall'd their consumeless bodies, strongly cursing  
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nurfing.

*F.* Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight  
In view of tortures ? these are shows t' affright :  
Look in this glass triangular ; look here,  
Here's that will ravish eyes. *Sp.* What seest thou there ?

*F.* The world in colours, colours that disdain  
The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the silken train  
Of *Flora's* Nymphs ; such various sorts of hiew,  
As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew :  
Here, if thou please to beautifie a town,  
Thou maist ; or with a hand, turn't upside down ;  
Here maist thou scant or widen by the measure  
Of thine own will ; make short or long at pleasure :  
Here maist thou tire thy fancy, and advise  
With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.

*Sp.* Ah fool ! that dot'st on vain, on present toyes,  
And disrespeft those true, those future joyes !  
How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas,  
To dote on goods that perish with thy glass :  
Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand !  
Were they but painted colours, it might stand  
With painted reason that they might devote thee ;  
But things that have no being to besot thee ?  
Foresight of future torments is the way  
To bulk those ills which present joys bewray.  
As thou hast fooll'd thy self, so now come hither,  
Break that fond glass, and let's be wiser together.

S. BONAVENT.

## S. BON A V E N T. de contemptu seculi.

O that men would be wise, understand, and foresee 3. Be wise, to know three things: The multitude of those that are to be damned: the few number of those that are to be saved; and the vanity of transitory things: Understand three things, the multitude of sins, the omission of good things, and the loss of time: Foresee three things, the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment.

## E P I G. 14.

What, Soul, no further yet? what nev'r commence  
Master in Faith? Still bachelour of Sense?  
Is't insufficiency? Or what has made thee  
Oreclip thy lost degree? thy lusts have staid thee.

XV.



*My life is spent with grief and my years  
with sighing. Psal. 30. 12.*

## XV.

## PSALM. 30. 10.

*My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing.*

What full' Star rul'd my untimely birth,  
That would not lend my days one hour of Mirth?  
How oft have these bare knees been bent to gain  
The slender arms of one poor smile, in vain?  
How often, tir'd with the fiddious light,  
Have my faint lips implor'd the shades of night?  
How often have my nightly torments pray'd  
For lingring twilight, glutted with the shade?  
Day worse then night, night worse then day appears;  
In fears I spend my nights, my days in tears;  
I moan unpitti'd, groan without relief,  
There is no end nor measure of my grief.  
The smiling flow'r salutes the day; it growes  
Untouch'd with care; it neither spins nor sows;  
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,  
Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour;  
Why was I born? Why was I born a man?  
And why proportion'd by so large a span?  
Or why suspended by the common lot,  
And being born to die, why die I not?  
Ah me! why is my sorrow-wasted breath  
Deni'd the easie priviledge of death?  
The branded slave that tugs the weary oare,  
Obtains the Sabbath of a welcome shore?  
His ransom'd shipes are heal'd, his native soil  
Sweetens the mem'ry of his forreign toll;

But ah ! my sorrows are not half so blest ;  
My labour finds no point, my pains no rest :  
I barter sighs for tears, and tears for groans,  
Still vainly rolling Sisyphean stones :  
Thou just observer, of our flying hours,  
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devours  
The brazen monuments of renown'd Kings.  
Doth thy glass stand ? Or be thy moulting wings  
Unapt to fly ? If not, why dost thou spare  
A willing breast ; a breast that stands so fair ?  
A dying breast, that hath but only breath  
To beg a wound, and strength to crave a death ?  
O that the pleased Heav'ns would once dissolve  
These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve  
My hamp'red soul ; then would my soul be blest  
From all these ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest :  
Till then, my days are months, my months are years,  
My years are ages to be spent in tears :  
My grief's entail'd upon my wailful breath,  
Which no recov'ry can cut off, but death ;  
Breath drawn in cottages, put out in thrones;  
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

## INNOCENT.

INNOCENT. de yilitate condit, humanz.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miserable ingress of mans condition; the sinful progress of mans conversation, the damnable egress in mans dissolution? I will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: Alas, he is formed of earth, conceived in sin, born to punishment: He doth evil things which are not lawful; He doth filthy things, which are not decent; He doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life's a debt by Bond, which bears  
A secret date; the use is Groans and Tears:  
Plead not; usurous Nature will have all;  
As well the Int'rest as the Principal.

I.



*My soule hath coueted to desire thy  
judgments.* p'sel: 119

## THE FOURTH BOOK.

## I.

ROM. 7. 23.

*I see another Law in my members warring against the Law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the Law of sin.*

**O** How my will is hurried too and fro,  
And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary!  
I know not where to fix sometimes I go  
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary :  
I like, dislike ; lament for what I could not ;  
I do, undo ; yet still do what I would not.  
And at the self same instant will the thing I would not!

**2**  
Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts opprest  
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will,  
Thus am I hourly toss from East to West  
Upon the rowling streams of good and ill :  
Thus am I driven upon thee slipp'ry fuds  
From real ills to false apparent goods :  
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of ebs and floods.

**3**  
The curious Penman, having trimm'd his page  
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,  
Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage  
Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill ;  
Ev'n so my pregnant soul in th' infant bud  
Of her best thoughts shows down a cole black flood  
Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good.

4  
SOMETIMES A SUDDEN FLASH OF SACRED HEAT  
Warms my chill soul, and sets my thoughts in frame :  
But soon that fire is shordred from her seat  
By lustful Cupid's much inferour flame.

I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire ;  
Thus are the mungrel thoughts of mixt desire,  
Consum'd between that heav'ly and this earthly fire.

3  
SOMETIMES MY TRASH DISDAINING THOUGHTS OUT PASS  
The common period of terrene conceit ;  
O then, methinks I scorn the thing I was,  
Whilst I stand ravish'd at my new estate :  
But when th' Icarian wings of my desire  
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,  
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

## 6

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind ;  
I know the frailty of my fleshly will :  
My Passion's Eagle ey'd ; my judgment blind ;  
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.  
When th' Otiuch wings of my desires shall be  
So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,  
Yet grant my soul desire but of desiring thee.

S. BERNARD.

S. BERN. Med. 9.

*My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and instable heart ; while it is led by its own judgement, and wanting Divine counsele cannot subsist in it self ; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, findeth none, but remaineth miserable through labour, and void of peace : it agreeeth not with it self ; it differeth from it self ; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again : It willetteth and willetteth not ; and never remaineth in the same state.*

S. A U G U S T. de verb. Apost.

*When it would, it cannot ; because when it might, it would not : Therefore by an evil will man lost his good power.*

## EPIG. I.

*My soul, how are thy thoughts disturb'd, confin'd,  
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind !  
Fix here or there ; thy doubt depending cause  
Can neit expect one verdict 'twixt two Laws.*

## 11.

Wise men have made many good sayings & proverbs  
but few of them are better than this which is written in the  
scripture. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the  
soul: the testimony of the Lord is true, quickening the  
life: the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:  
the commandments of the Lord are pure, enlightening the  
eyes: the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the  
ordinances of the Lord are sure, making wise the simple:  
the precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the soul: the  
ways of the Lord are pleasant, abounding in reward:  
they are all of them from the mouth of the Lord, teaching  
in due measure."



Oh that my ways were directed to  
keep thy statutes. Psa. 119. 32.

Wise men have made many good sayings & proverbs but few of them are better than this which is written in the scripture. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is true, quickening the life: the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandments of the Lord are pure, enlightening the eyes: the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the ordinances of the Lord are sure, making wise the simple: the precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the soul: the ways of the Lord are pleasant, abounding in reward: they are all of them from the mouth of the Lord, teaching in due measure."

## I I.

## PSALM. 119. 5.

*O that my wayes were directed to keep thy Statutes !*

**T**HUS I, the object of the worlds disdain,  
With Pilgrim pace surround the weary earth :

I only relish what the world counts vain ;  
Her mirth's my grief, her sullen grief my mirth ;

Her light my darkness, and her truth my error ;  
Her freedom is my jail, and her delight my terror.

**F**ond earth ! proportion not my seeming love,

To my long stay ; let not thy thoughts deceive thee ;  
Thou art my prison and my home's above ;

My life's a preparation but to leave thee :

Like one that seeks a dooryard, I walk about the world,  
With thee I cannot live, I cannot live without thee.

**T**he world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractus wayes

Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd Meanders :

No resting here ; He's hurried back that stays

A thought ; and he that goes unguided wanders :

Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n ;

So hard's the way from earth, so hard's the way to Heaven.

**T**his gyring lab'rinth is beatenh'd about

On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,  
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,

But seeming pleasant to the fond deserter ;

Where his footsteps trust their own invention,  
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

*Where*

## S. I I

Where shall I seek a Guide ? Where shall I meet  
 Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces ?  
 What trusty Lanthorn will direct my feet  
 To scape the danger of these dang'rous places ?  
 What hopes have I to pass without a Guide ?  
 Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

An unrequested Star did gently slide  
 Before the Wise-men to a greater Light ;  
 Back-sliding Isr'el found a double Guide ;  
 A Pillar, and a Cloud, by Day, by Night.  
 Yet in my desp'rate dangers which be farr  
 More greater than theirs, I have no Pillar, Cloud, nor Star.

O that the pinions of a clipping Dove  
 Would cut my passage through the empty Aire !  
 Mine eyes beeing seal'd, how would I mount above  
 The reach of danger and forgotten care !

My backward eyes should ne'r commit that fault,  
 Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of Sile.

Great God that art the flowing Spring of Light,  
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent Ray :  
 Thou art my Path, direct my steps aright ;  
 I have no other Light, no other Way :  
 I'll trust my God, and him alone pursue,  
 His Law shall be my Path ; his Heavenly Light my Clue.

## S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O Lord; who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity nor death: the Light, without which there is darkness; the Way, without which there is wandering; the truth without which there is error; the life, without which there is death: Say, Lord, let there be light, and I shall see Light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the way and avoid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun error; I shall see Life, and escape death: Illuminate, O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.



## EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim trudge on: what makes thy soul complain?  
Crowns thy complaint. The way to rest is pain:  
The road to resolution lies by doubt:  
The next way home's the farthest way about.

## III.



Stay my steps in thy paths that  
my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 5; 256

## III.

## PSALM. 17. 5.

*Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do not slide.*

**W**hen ere the old Exchange of profit rings  
Her silver Saints-bell of uncertain gains;  
My Merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings,  
How I can run, and take unwearied pains !  
The charms of profit are so strong, that  
Who wanted legs to go find wings to fly.

If time-bequiling Pleasure but advance  
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,  
O how my sportful soul can strike and dance,  
And hug that Syren in her twined arms !  
The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthening pleasure  
Can send my bedrid soul both legs and leisure.

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins  
With flat'ring warmth, and flush of Courtly fire,  
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains :  
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire ;  
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges  
Of Complement, and scrue a thousand cringes.

**4**  
But when I come to Thee, my God that art  
The royal Mine of everlasting treasure,  
The real honour of my better part,  
And living fountain of eternal pleasure,  
How nerveless are my limbs ! how faint and low !  
I have no wings to fly nor legs to go.

So when the streams of swift foot Rhene convey  
 Her upland riches to the Belgick shore,  
 The idle vessel slides the wat'ry lay,  
 Without the blast or tug, of wind, or oar ;  
 Her slipp'ry keel divides the silver foame  
 With ease ; So facil is the way from home;

## 6.

But when the home bound vessel turns her sails  
 Against the breast of the resisting stream,  
 O then she slugs ; nor sail, nor oar prevails ;  
 The stream is sturdy, and her Tide's extream  
 Each stroke is loss; and every tug is vain :  
 A Boat-lengths purchase is a league of pain ;

Great all in all that art my rest, my home ;  
 My way is tedious and my steps are slow :  
 Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come ;  
 I am thy child, O teach thy child to go :  
 Conjoyn thy sweet commands to my desire,  
 And I will venture, though I fall or tire ;

S. AUGUST.

## S. AUGUST. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apost.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not : For where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest : Always add, always walk, always proceed ; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate : He that standeth still proccedeith not ; He goeth back, that continueth not ; He deviath, that revolveth ; He goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way.



## EPI. 3.

Feat not, my Soul, to lose for want of cunning ;  
Weep not ; Heav'n is not always got by running ;  
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow ;  
True love will creep, not having strength to go.

Aug And Verbi gratia. 1520. 1521. 1522.  
IV.



My flesh trembleth for fear of thee: I am  
afraid of thy judgments. Ps. 119. 120.  
W. H. Culp.

## IV.

## PSALM. 119. 120.

*My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgements.*

Let others boast of luck, and go their ways  
 With their fair game ; know vengeance seldom plays  
 To be too forward, but doth wisely frame  
 Her backward Tables for an after-game :  
 She gives thee leave to venture many a blot ;  
 And, for her own advantage, hits thee not ;  
 But when her pointed Tables are made fair,  
 That she be ready for thee, then beware ;  
 Then, if a necessary blot be set,  
 She hits thee ; wins the Game ; perchance the set :  
 If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,  
 Be wisely temp'rate ; cast a serious eye  
 On after-dangers, and keep back thy game ;  
 Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame :  
 If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,  
 Be wisely patient ; let no envious glances  
 Repine to view thy gamblers heap so fair ;  
 The hindmost hound takes oft the doubling Hare.  
 The Worlds great Dice are false ; sometimes they go  
 Extreamly high, sometimes extreamly low :  
 Of all her gamblers he that plays the least,  
 Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best :  
 The way to win, is to play fair, and swear  
 Thy self a servant to the Crown of fear ;

Fear

Fear is the Primer of a Gamesters skill :  
Who fears not Bad stands most unarm'd to Ill :  
The Ill that's wisely fear'd, is half withstood ;  
And fear of Bad is the best foyl to Good :  
True Fear's th' *Elixar*, which in daies of old  
Turn'd Leaden Crosses into Crowns of Gold :  
The Worlds the Tables ; Stakes, Eternal life ;  
The Gamesters, Heav'n and I ; Unequal strife !  
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame  
My indisposed Life : this Life's the Game ;  
My sins are sev'ral Blots ; the Lookers on  
Are Angels ; and in death the Game is done :  
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game doth grow  
Still more and more unshap'd ; my Dice run low :  
The Stakes are great ; my careless Blots are many ;  
And yet thou passest by, and hit'lt not any :  
Thou art too strong ; and I have none to guide me :  
With the least jog ; the lookers on deride me :  
It is a Conquest undeserving Thee,  
To win a Stake from such a Worm as me :  
I have no more to lose ; If we persever,  
'Tis lost ; and that once lost I'm lost for ever.  
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,  
And I will play my Game with greater fear ;  
O give me Fear, ere Fear has past her date :  
Whose blot being bir, then fears, fears then too late !

S. BERN.

## S B E R N. Ser. 54. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain Grace, to retain Grace, and to regain Grace, as always to be found before God not otherwise, but to fear: Happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received Grace, a greater fear for lost Grace, a greatest fear to recover Grace.

## S. A U G U S T. super Psal.

Present fear begetteth Eternal security: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

## E P I G. 4.

Lord, shall we grumble when thy flames do scourge us;  
Our sins breath fire; that fire returns to purge us.  
Lord, what an Alchynult art thou, whose skill  
Transmutes to perfect Good from perfect ill!

## V.



Turn away mine eyes least they behold  
vanite. Phil. 4:5.

## V.

## PSALM. 119. 37.

*Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanity.*

1

**H**ow like the threds of flax  
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires !  
How like to yielding wax  
My soul dissolve before thele wanton fires !  
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,  
Like flax, I burn ; like wax, I melt ;

2

O how this flesh doth draw  
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire !  
And how the eternal Law  
Is baffled by the law of my desire !  
How truly bad, how seeming good  
Are all the laws of flesh and blood !

3

O wretched state of men,  
The height of whose ambition is to borrow  
What must be paid again  
With griping int'rest of the next days sorrow !  
How wild his thoughts ! How apt to range !  
How apt to vary ! Apt to change !

4

How intricate and nice  
Is mans perplexed way to mans desire !  
Sometimes upon the ice  
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire ;  
His progress is extream and bold,  
Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food he doth  
 Sustain his soul tormenting thoughts withal,  
 Is honey in his mouth  
 To night, and in his heart, to morrow gall;  
 'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,  
 Both very sweet and very sowe.

6

If sweet Corinna smile,  
 A Heav'n of joy breaks down into his heart:  
 Corinna frown a while?  
 Hells torments are but copies of his smart:  
 Within a lustful heart doth dwell  
 A seeming Heav'n, a very Hell.

7

Thus worthless, vain, and void  
 Of comfort, are the fruits of earths employment,  
 Which ere they be enjoy'd  
 Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;  
 There be the pleasures that are priz'd  
 When Heav'n's cheap pen'worth stands despis'd.

8

Lord, quench these hasty flashes,  
 Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies;  
 And ev'ry minute dashes  
 Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:  
 Lord, close the casement, whilst I stand  
 Behind the curtain of thy hand.

## S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 4.

O thou Sun that illuminatest both Heaven and Earth ! Wo be unto those eyes which do not behold thee : Wo be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee : Wo be unto those which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee : Wo be unto those that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

## S. CHRYS. sup. Mar. 19.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an unavoidable pain, a necessary mischief, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil painted over with the colour of good.

## EPIG. 5.

Tis vain, great God, to close mine eyes from ill,  
When I resolve to keep the old man still ;  
My rambling heart must covenant first wi' thee,  
Or none can pals betwixt mine eye and me.



## VI.



If I have found favour in thy sight, let my life  
be given me at my petition. Ester. 7. 3

## V I.

## ESTHER 7. 3.

*If I have found favour in thy sight, and if it please the King, let my life be given me at my petition.*

T'hou art the Great Assuerus, whose command  
Doth stretch from Pole to Pole; the world's thy land;  
Rebellious Vashti's the corrupted will  
Which being call'd, refuses to fulfil  
Thy just command: Esther, whose tears condole  
The razed City's the regen'rare Soul;  
A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace  
With nuptial Honours in stout Vashti's place:  
Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart  
Proud Haman's glory, is the fleshly part:  
The sober Eunuch, that recall'd to mind  
The new built gibbet (Haman had divin'd  
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,  
His lustful-thought-controlling chastity;  
Insulting Haman is that fleshly lust  
Whole red-hot fury, for a season, must  
Triumph in pride, and study how to tread  
On Mordecai, till royal Esther plead.

Great King, my sent-for Vashti will not come;  
O let the oyl o'th bleffed Virgins womb  
Cleaneſe my poor Esther; look, O look upon her  
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beam of honour  
So ſcour her captive stains, that ſhe may prove  
An holy Object of thy Heavenly love:

Anoint

Anoint her with the Spikenard of thy graces,  
Then try the sweetnes of her chaste embraces :  
Make her the parner of thy nuptial bed,  
And set thy Royal Crown upon her head :  
If then ambitious *Haman* chance to spend  
His spleen on *Mordecai*, that scorns to bend  
The wilful stifnes of his stubborn knee,  
Or basely crouch to any Lord but thee ;  
If weeping *Esther* should prefer a grone  
Before the high tribunal Throne,  
Hold forth thy Golden Scepter, and afford  
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord :  
And let thy Royal *Esther* be posselt  
Of half thy Kingdom, at her dear request :  
Curb lustful *Haman* ; him that would disgrace,  
Nay, ravish thy fair Queen before thy face :  
And as proud *Haman* was himself ensnar'd  
On that self-gibbet that himself prepar'd ;  
So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,  
On that dear Crois that mine own lusts have built.

## S. AUGUST,

## S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O holy spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do: Counsel me, that I may love thee; Confirm me, that I may hold thee; Conserve me, that I may not lose thee.

## S. AUGUST. sup. Joan.

The spirit lusts where the flesh resteth: For as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the Spirit refreshed with sware.

Ibidem.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou maist govern.

## EPIG. 6.

Of Mercy and Justice is thy Kingdom built;  
This plagues my sin; and that removes my guilt;  
When ere I sue, Asuerus like decline  
Thy Scepter; Lord, say, Halt in; Kingdome's thine.

VIL



Come my beloved, let us go forth into  
the fields, let us remaine in the  
villages. Cant 37. 11.

## VII.

## CANTICLES. 7. II.

*Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields, and let us remain in the villages.*

## I.

*Christ.*

*Cbr.* Come, Come, my dear, and let us both retire  
 And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields :  
 Where warbling *Phil'mel*, and the shrill mouth'd quire.  
 Chaunt forth their raptures, where the *Turtle* builds  
 Her lovely nest ; and where the new born brier  
 Breathes forth the Sweetness that her *April* yields ;  
 Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try  
 These rural delicacies ; where thou and I  
 May melt in private flames, and fear no stander by.

## 2

*Sylv.* My hearts eternal joy, in lieu of whom  
 The earth's a blast and all the world's a bubble ;  
 Our City-mansion is the fairest home,  
 But Country sweets are tang'd with lesser trouble :  
 Let's try them both, and chuse the better ; coming  
 A change in pleasure, makes the pleasure double :  
 On thy command depends my go, or tarry  
 I'll stir with *Mariha*, or I'll stay with *Mary* :  
 Our hearts are firmly fixt, although her pleasures vary.

*Chr.*

*Chr.* Our Countrey-mansion ( situate on high )  
 With various Objects, still renew'st delight ;  
 Her arched roof's of unstain'd Ivory :  
 Her walls of fiery-sparkling Chrysolite ;  
 Her pavement is of hardell Porphyry ;  
 Her spacious windows are all glaz'd with bright  
 And flaming Carbuncles ; no need require  
 Titans faint rays, or Vulcan's feeble fire ;  
 And eve'ry Gate's a Pearl; and every Pearl, entire.

*Soul.* Fool that I was ! how were my thoughts deceiv'd  
 How falsly was my fond conceit possest !  
 I took it for an Hermitage but pav'd  
 And daub'd with neigbr'ing dirt, & thacht at best ;  
 Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd ;  
 A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles nest :  
 Come, come, my dear, and let no idle stay  
 Neglect th' advantage of the head-strong day ;  
 How pleasure grates that fees the curb of dull delay !

*Chr.* Come then, my Joy ; let our divided paces  
 Conduct us to our fairest territory ;  
 O there we'll twine our souls in sweet embraces ;  
 And in thine arms i'll tell my passion story :  
*Chr.* O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces ;  
*Soul.* And all th' se graces shall reflc & thy glory :  
*Chr.* O there I'll feed thee with celestial Manna ;  
*C.* I'll be thy Elkans. Soul. And I, thy Hanne  
*C.* I'll sound my trump of joy. S. And I'll resound Hosanna,

## S. BERN.

O blessed Contemplation ! The death of vices, and the life of virtues ! Thee, the Law and Prophets admire : Who ever attained perfection, if not by thee ! O blessed Solitude, the Magazine of Celestial Treasure ! by thee things earthly, and transitory, are changed into Heavenly, and ETERNAL.

## S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that Congregation, where Martha still complainereth of Mary.

## EPIG. 7.

Mechanick soul, thou must not only do  
With *Martha* ; but, with *Mary*, ponder too :  
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary ;  
But molt, when *Martha*'s reconcil'd to *Mary*.

## VIII.



*Draw me; we will run after thee because  
of the favour of thy good garments.*

*Cant: 1. 3.*

## VIII.

## CANTICLES. i. 3.

*Draw me ; we will follow after thee by the face  
four of thy good Oynments.*

**T**HUS, like a lump of the corrupted Mass,  
I lie secure, long lost before I was :  
And like a block, beneath whose burthen lies  
That undiscover'd worm that never dies.  
I have no will to rouse, I have no power to rise.

Can stinking *Laz'rm* compound or stiue  
With deaths entangling fettters, and revive ?  
Or can the water, buried *Axe* implore  
A hand to raise it, or it self restore,  
And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot shore ?

So hard's the task for sinful flesh and blood  
To lend the smallest step to what is good.  
My God, I cannot move the least degree !  
Ah ! If but only those that active be,  
None should thy glory see, none should thy glory see.

But if the Porter please t' inform the clay ;  
Or some strong hand remove the block away :  
Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher ;  
That proves a vessel, which before was mire ;  
And this being hewn, may serve for better use than fire.

And if that life-restoring voice command  
 Dead Laz'rus forth ; or that great Prophets hand  
 Should charm the sullen waters, and begin  
 To beckon, or to dart a stick but in,  
 Dead Laz'rus must revive, and th' Ax must float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all  
 To hear thy voice or Echo to thy call ;  
 The gloomy Clouds of mine own guilt benight me ;  
 Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets invite me ;  
 They neither can direct ; nor these at all delight me.

See how my sin-bemangled body lies,  
 Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise !  
 Shine home upon thy Creature, and inspire  
 My liveless Will with thy regen'rate fire ;  
 The first degree to do, is only to desire.

Give me the power to Will, the Will to do ;  
 O raise me up, and I will strive to go :  
 Draw me, O draw me with thy trebble twist,  
 That have no pow'r but meerly to resist ;  
 O lend me strength to do, and then command thy list !

My Soul's a Clock, whose wheels ( for want of use  
 And winding up, being subject to th' abuse  
 Of eating rust ) wants vigour to fulfil  
 Her twelve hours task, and shew her makers skill,  
 But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work ; and therefore good.  
 If thou be pleas'd to cleanse it with thy blood,  
 And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,  
 Her busie wheels shall serve thee all her days ; (praise.  
 Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike thy

## S. B E R N. Setm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the favour of thy Ointment, nor  
in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatness of our  
strength: we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies,  
for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth,  
nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth mercy. O let  
thy mercy return, and we will run: Thou like a Gyant, runnest  
by thy own power; we, unless thy Ointment breath upon us,  
cannot run.



## EPIG. 8.

Look not, my Watch, being once repair'd to stand  
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand  
H'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy Cogs with blood;  
If now thy wheels stand still thou art not good.

IX.



O that thou wert as my Brother, that I Sucked the Breasts of my Mother. Ch. 8.

## IX.

## CANTICLES, 8. I.

*O that thou wert as my Brother, that sucked  
the breasts of my mother ; when I should  
find thee without, I would kiss thee.*

I

**C**ome, come, my blessed Infant, and immure thee  
Within the temple of my sacred arms ;  
Secure mine arms, mine arms shall then secure thee  
From Herod's fury, or the High-Priests harms :  
Or if thy danger'd life sustain a loss,  
My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.

2

But ah ! what savage Tyrant can behold  
The beauty of so sweet a face, as this is,  
And not himself be by himself controul'd,  
And change his fury to a thousand kisses ?  
One smile of thine is worth more Mines of treasure  
Than there be Myriads in the days of Cæsar.

3

**O**, had the Tetrarch, as he knew by birth,  
So known thy stock, he had not sought to paddle  
In thy dear blood ; but prostrate on the earth  
Had vail'd his Crown before thy Royal Cradle,  
And laid the Scepter of his glory down,  
And begg'd a Heavenly for an Earthly Crown.

4

Illustrious Babe ! how is thy handmaid grac'd  
 With a rich armful ! how dost thou decline.  
 Thy Majestie, that wert so late embrac'd  
 In thy great Fathers arms, and now in mine !  
 How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh  
 Me with thy Spirit, and assume my flesh ?

5

But must the treason of a traitour's Hail  
 Abuse the sweetnes of these ruby lips ?  
 Shall marble hearted cruelty assail  
 These Alabaster sides with knotted whips ?  
 And must these smiling Roses entertain  
 The blows of scorn, and flurts of base disdain ?

6

Ah ! must these dainty little springs that twine  
 So fast about thy neck, be pierc'd and torn  
 With ragged nails ? and must these brows resign  
 Their Crown of Glory for a crown of thorn ?  
 Ah, must the blessed infant taste the pain  
 Of deaths injuric peace ; nay worse, be slain ?

7

Sweet Babe ! At what dear rates do wretched I  
 Commit a sin ! Lord, ev'ry sin's a dart ;  
 And ev'ry trespass lets a javelin fle ;  
 And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart :  
 Pardon sweet Babe, what I have done amiss ;  
 And seal that granted pardon with a kiss.

BONAVENT.

## BONAVENT. Soliloquy. Chap. I.

O sweet Jesu, I knew that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attraction so virtuous: For when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee I am a Virgin: O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction pollute not but sanctifieh: O Jesu the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed so late, that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.



## EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greatest: let not *Atlas* boast:  
Impartial Reader, judge which bears the most:  
He bears but Heav'n, my folded arms sustain  
Heav'ns maker, whom Heav'ns Heav'n cannot contain.

X.



By night on my bed I sought him whom my  
soul loved and I sought him but I found him not.  
Cant. 3:1. - 294. -

## X.

## CANTICLES. 3. I.

*In my bed by night I sought him that my soul loveth ; I sought him, but I found him not.*

**T**He learned Cynick having lost the way  
To honest men, did in the height of day,  
By Taper-light, divide his steps about  
The peopled streets to find this Dainty out ;  
But fail'd : The Cynick search'd not where he ought ;  
The thing he sought for, was not where he sought.  
The Wise-mens task seem'd harder to be done,  
The Wise-men did by Star-light seek the Sun.  
And found : the Wise-men search'd it where they ought,  
The thing he hop'd to find was where they sought.  
One seeks his wishes where he should ; but then  
Perchance he seeks not as he should ; nor when.  
Another searches when he should ; but there  
He fails ; not seeking as he should, nor where :  
Whose soul desires the good it wants, and would  
Obtain, must seek Where, As, and When he should,  
How often have my wild affections led  
My wasted soul to this my widow'd bed,  
To seek my lover, whom my soul desires ?  
( I speak not, Cupid, of thy wanton fires :  
Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine ;  
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all Divine )  
How often have I sought this bed by night,  
To find that greater by this lesser light !

How oft have my unwithest groans lamented  
Thy dearest absence ! Ah, how often vented  
The bitter tempests of despairing breath,  
And toss'd my soul upon the waves of death !  
How often has my melting heart made choice  
Of silent tears ( tears louder than a voice )  
To plead my grief, and woe thy absent ear !  
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear ;  
O is thy wanted love become so cold ?  
Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they should ?  
Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here ?  
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where ?  
I see my error, it is not strange I could not  
Find out my love : I sought him where I should not  
Thou art not found in downy beds of ease ;  
Alas, thy musick strikes on harder keys :  
Nor art thou found by that false feeble light  
Of Natures candle, our Egyptian night  
Is more than common darkness ; nor can we  
Expect a morning, but what breaks from thee.  
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loss,  
When thou art lodg'd upon thy shameful cross :  
If thou refuse to share a bed with me,  
We'll never part, I'll share a croſs with thee.

## ANSELM. in Protolog. I.

Lord, if thou art not presens, where shall I seek thee absent ?  
If every where, why do I not see thee present ? Thou dwellest  
in light in accessible ; and where is that inaccessible light ? Oh  
how shall I have access to light inaccessible ? I beseech thee  
Lord, teach me to seek thee, and shew thy self to the seeker ;  
because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me, nor find  
thee, unless thou shew thy self to me ; Let me seek thee, in  
desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee ; Let me find thee  
in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee,



## E P I G . 10.

Where shouldst thou seek for rest, but in thy bed ?  
But now thy rest is gone thy rest is fled :  
Tis vain to seek him there : My soul be wise ;  
Go ask thy sin's ; they'll tell thee, where he lies.

XI.



I will rise now and go aboute in y' Streets  
and in y' broad wayes I will seeke him whom my  
Soul loueth. etc. Cont: 3. 2. 228

## X I.

## CANTICLES. 3. 2.

*I will rise, and go about the City, and will seek him, that my soul loveth : I sought him, but I found him not.*

## 1

O How my disappointed soul's perplext !  
 How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled breast  
 How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossly vext  
 With fears ! And how betwixt them both distract !  
 What place is left unransack'd ? Oh, where next  
 Shall I go seek the Author of my rest ?  
 Of what bless'd Angel shall my lips enquire  
 The undiscover'd way to that entire  
 And everlasting solace of my hearts desire ?

## 2

Look how the stricken Hart that wounded flies  
 Ov'r hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds  
 For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes  
 Beg silent mercy from the following Hounds ;  
 At length, embott, he droops, drops down, and lies  
 Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds :  
 Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,  
 Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafed ears  
 Leave me th'unransom'd Pris'ner to my panick fears.

## 3

Where have my busie eyes not pry'd ? O where,  
 Of whom hath not my thredbare tongue demanded ?  
 I search'd this glorious City ; he's not here :  
 I sought the Country ; she stands empty-handed ;  
 I search'd the Court ; he is a stranger there :  
 I ask'd the land : he's shipp'd : the sea : he's landed :  
 I climb'd the air, my thoughts began t' aspire ;  
 But ah ! the wings of my too bold desire,  
 Soaring too near the Sun, were sing'd with sacred fire.

## 4

I mov'd the Merchant's ear ; alas, but he  
 Knew, neither what I said, nor what to say :  
 I ask'd the Lawyer : he demands a fee,  
 And then demurs me with a vain delay :  
 I ask'd the Schoolman : his advice was free,  
 But scor'd me out too intricate a way :  
 I ask'd the Watch-man ( best of all the four )  
 Whose gentle answer could resolve no more,  
 But that he lately left him at the Temple door.

## 5

Thus having sought, and made my great Inquest  
 In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear :  
 I threw me on my bed ; but ah ! my rest  
 Was poison'd with th' extremes of grief and fear ;  
 Where looking down into my troubled brest,  
 The Magazine of wounds, I found him there :  
 In other hum, and shew their sportful Art ;  
 I wish to catch the Hare before she start,  
 As Porchers use to do ; Heav'n's Form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS. lib. 3. de Virg.

*Christ is not in the market, not in streets : For Christ is  
Peace, in the market are strifes : Christ is Justice, in the mar-  
ket is iniquity : Christ is a Labourer, in the market is idleness :  
Christ is Charity, in the market is slander : Christ is Faith, in  
the market is fraud : Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we  
cannot find Christ.*

S. HIEROM. Ser. 9. Ep. 23. ad Eustoch.

*Jesus is jealous : He will not have thy face seen : Let foo-  
lish Virgins ramble abroad, seek thou thy Love at home.*

EPIG. II.

What lost thy love ? will neither bed nor board  
Receive him ? Not by tears to be implor'd ?  
It is the Ship that moves, and not the Coal ;  
I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.

## XII.



She is my strength and my shield; in her I trust  
in her I go forth; from her have I found him  
whom my soul loveth. I hold him etc. Cant. 3:4

## XII.

## CANTICLES. 3. 3.

*Have you seen him whom my soul loveth? when  
I hast a little from them, then I found him,  
I took hold on him, and left him not.*

*What secret corner? What unwanted way,  
Has seap'd the ransack of my rambling thought?  
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owl by day,  
Have never search'd those places I have sought;  
Whilst they lamented, absence taugt my break;  
The lonely road to grief, without request,  
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.*

*How hath my unregarded language vented  
The sad tautologies of lavish patients!  
How often have I languish'd, unamented!  
How oft have I complain'd, without compassion!  
I ask'd the City-watch, but I me deny'd me.  
The common street, whilst others would misguide me,  
Some would debar me; some divert me; some deride me.*

## 3.

*Mark how the Widow'd Turtle, having lost its mate,  
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,  
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,  
Haunts ev'ry path; thinks every shade don't part  
Her absent Love, and her strength fail'd,  
She remains her other lonely bed,  
And there bemoans her wretchedness and loss.*

## +IX

So when my soul had progest ev'ry place,  
 That love and dear affection could contrive,  
 I threw me on my couch, resolv'd t' embrace  
 A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live :  
 But there injurious Hymen did present  
 His landskip joys ; my pickled eyes did vent  
 Full streams of Briny tears, tears never to be spent.

## 5

Whilst thus my sorrow-waiting soul was feeding  
 Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought,  
 By'n whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding  
 He that was sought, unsound, was found, unsought  
 As if the Sun should dare his orbe of light  
 Into the secrets of the black-brow'd night ;  
 Ev'n so appear'd my Love, my sole, my soul's delight.

## 6

O how mine eyes now ravish'd at the sight  
 Of my bight Sun-shot flames of equal fire !  
 Ah ! how my soul dissolv'd with o'r-delight,  
 To re-enjoy the Crown of chaste desire !  
 How for'reign joy depos'd and dispossess'd  
 Rebellious grief ! And how my ravish'd breast  
 But who can pres' those heights, that cannot be express'd ?

## 7

O how these arms, these greedy arms did twine,  
 And strongly twitt about his yielding waft !  
 The sappy branches of the Thesplan Vine,  
 Nev'r cling'd their left-beloved Elm so fast ;  
 Boast not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd flocks ;  
 Let Hymen suffice to quiet somme ;  
 Time cannot quench the fire, that burnt our knot.

ORIG.

## ORIG. Hom. 10. in divers.

O most holy Lord, ! and sweetest Master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart, and bumble spirit ! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart ! How happy that trust in thee ! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all that trust in thee, and acceptest no man's gifts that trust in thee : For behold, he that cometh to thee, cometh not empty-handed, but alreadie found thee ; She that cometh to thee, cometh not unladen of thee, but her burden is减轻ed by thy grace, than she expect from thee.

B E D A in cap. 3. Cant.

*The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I beat after being found.*



R P I G . 11.

What I found him out, let strong embraces bind him,  
He'll lie perchance, where team can never find him.  
Now this will lose, what old experience gains,  
Without sorrow giveth, that goes nothing.

Lxxviii. H. O. LTO  
**XIII.**

when he was young, when he was old, I fled from O  
bed to him's side, but when I was old he fled  
from me. But when I was old he came to me, and  
he said, Come, let us go into thy house, for I am  
old, and thou art young; come, let us go into thy  
house, and I will give thee my son, and thou  
shalt have him for thy husband, and I will be  
thy mother. And when I was old he said, Come,  
let us go into thy house, for I am old, and thou  
art young; come, let us go into thy house, and I  
will give thee my son, and thou shalt have him  
for thy husband, and I will be thy mother.



*How shall we sing the song of the  
Lord in a funeral land.*

## XIII.

## PSALM. 72. 28.

*It is good for me to draw near to God, I have  
put my trust in the Lord God.*

**W**HAT here is that Good, which wise-men please to call  
The chiefest ? Doth there any such befall  
Within mans reach ? or is there such a God at all ?

If such there be, it neither must expire,  
Nor change ; than which there can be nothing higher ;  
Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.

**I**t is the Mark, to which all heartis must tend ;  
Can be desired for no other end,  
Than for it self, on which all other Goods depend.

What may this Excellent be ? doth it subist,  
A real Essence clouded in the midst  
Of curious Art, or clear to ev'ry eye that lift ?

**O**r is't a tart Idea, to procure  
An edg, and keep the practick soul in ure,  
Like that dear Chymick dust, or puzzling Quadrature ?

Where shall I seek this ? Where shall I find  
This Carb'lick pleasure, whicke extreains may bind  
My thoughts ? and fill the gulf of my insatiate minds.

Lies it in Treasure ? In full heaps unbold ?  
Dish-gowdy Mammon's griping hand infold  
This sacred Saint in sacred shrines of for'reign gold ?

No, no ; she lies not therte ; wealth often sours  
 In keeping ; makes us hers, in seeming ours ;  
 She slides from Heav'n indeed, but not in *Danæ's* showers.

Lives she in honour ? no. The royal Crown  
 Builds up a creature, and then batters dovn :  
 Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleasure ? no. Pleasure begins in rage ;  
 Acts the fools part on earth's uncertain stage ;  
 Begins the play in youth, and Epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard goods ; the best of these  
 Torment the soul with pleasing it, and please,  
 Like water's gulp'd in feavers with deceitful ease.

Earths flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses :  
 Mole hills perform the mountains she professes,  
 Alas, can earth confer more good than earth possessest ?

Mount, mount my soul, and let my thoughts cashier  
 Earths vain delights, and make the full carrier  
 At Heav'n's eternal joys ; stop, stop, thy Courser there,

There shall thy soul possest uncareful treasure,  
 There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure :  
 And blaze in honour far above the frowns of *Cæsar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall  
 On thee, the chiefest Good, no need to call  
 For earths inferiour trash ; Thou, thou art All in All.

## S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 13.

I follow this thing : I pursue that, but am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, undivided, and only good, in my self, what I obtained, I wanted not ; for what I obtained not, I grieved not ; with what I was possest, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. BEN. R. N. Ser. v. sup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit : let him brag of the burthen of the day : let him boast of his Sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men : but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.



cap.

B P I G. 13.

Let Boreas blasts, and Neptunes waves be join'd,  
Thy Eclips commands the waves, the wind :  
Fear not the Rocks or Worlds imperious waves :  
Thou climbst a rock ( my soul ) a rock that saves,

Q. 4

XIV.



I sat under the shadow of him whom I  
have chosen. Chrt: 2

三

## XIV.

She was now as full to rebuff as signor I  
Being ungracious had to evict his wife.

## CANTICLES. 2. 3.

I sat under his shadow with great delight, and  
his fruit was sweet to my taste.

¶ 4

**L**ook how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray  
From the safe blessing of her Shepherds eyes,  
At noon becomes the unprotected prey  
To the wing'd squadron of hellebryng flies;  
Where she dances with the scorching beams of day,  
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies  
From her own self; ev'n of her self afraid  
She shrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,  
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade;

¶ 5

Ev'n so my wandering soul, that hath digress'd  
From her great Shepherd, is the lonely prey  
Of all my sins. These vultures in my bosom  
Gripe my Promethean heart be night and day.  
I hunt from place to place; but find no rest;  
I know not where to go, nor where to stay  
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames incendi  
My swol'ring soul: My soul hath oft assaid,  
Yet she can find no shroud, but she can feel no shade.

LXXX

3

VIX

I sought the shades of Mirth, to wear away  
 My slow pac'd hours of soul consuming grief ;  
 I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day  
 Of griping sorrows with a nights reprise  
 I sought the shades of death : thought there t'allay  
 My final torments with a full relief :  
 But mirth, nor sleep, nor death, can hide my hours  
 In the false shades of their deceitful bower ;  
 The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

4

Where shall I turn ? To whom shall I apply me ?  
 Are there no streams where a faint Soul may wade ?  
 Thy God-head, Jesus, are the flames that fry me ;  
 Hath thy All-glorious Deity never a shade ?  
 Where I may sit and vengeance never eye me,  
 Where I might sit refresh'd or unafraid ?  
 Is there no comfort ? Is there no refection ?  
 Is there no cover that will give protection ?  
 T' a fainting soul, the subject of thy wyaths reflexion ?

5

Look up, my soul, advance the lowly stature  
 Of thy sad thoughts ; advance thy humble eye :  
 See, here's a shadow found : The humane nature  
 Is made an Umbrella to the Deity,  
 To catch the Sun-beams of thy just Creator ;  
 Beneath this covert thou maist safely lie :  
 Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,  
 As quick Zacheus did, and thou shaile see  
 A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thou.

I

GUIL.

## GUIL. in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rayes of the Sun of Justice ? Who shall not be consumed by his beams ? Therefore the Sun of Justice took flesh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane body a shadow may be made.

## S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

Lord, let my soul flee from the searching thoughts of the world under the covert of thy wings, that being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and rest.

## EPIG. 14.

Ah, treach'rous Soul, would no thy pleasures give  
That Lord, which made the living, leave to live ?  
See what thy sins have done : thy sins have made  
The Sun of Glory now become thy shade,

## XV.

He that dwelleth in me and I in him, he abideth in the world, and is not of the world. John 3:31.



*It is good for me to draw near to the Lord, I have put my trust in my Lord God.*

536

Psal. 73:23.

He that dwelleth in me and I in him, he abideth in the world, and is not of the world. John 3:31.

¶ *Y*et when he cometh in, two birds will be  
seen above his head, & when he departeth, two birds  
will fly away from before him, & in his place  
will stand two other birds, which will follow him  
as long as he liveth.

## XV.

## PSALM. 137. 4.

*H*ow shall we sing a song of the Lord in a  
strange land?

**U**rge me no more: this airy mirth belongs  
To better times; these times are not for songs.  
The sprightly twang of the melodious Lute  
Agrees not with my voice: & both unite  
My untun'd fortunes: the affected measure  
Of strains, that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure,  
Musick's the Child of Mirth; where griefs affail  
The Troubled soul, both voice, and fingers fail:  
Let such as ravel out their lavish days,  
In honourable riot; that can raise  
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a spirit  
Of madness by the Magick of delight:  
Let those of Cupid's Hospital, that lie  
Impatient Patients to a smiling eye,  
That cannot rest, until vain hope beguile  
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton smile:  
Let such redeem their peace, and save the wrongs  
Of froward Fortune with their frolick songs:  
My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes  
To cure, or counter-charms to exorcise.  
The Ravens dismal croaks, the midnight howls  
Of emp'ry Wolves mixt with the screech of Owls,  
The nine last tolls of a dull passing Bell  
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And

And horrid out cries of revenged crimes,  
 Join'd in a medley's musick for these times ;  
 These are no times to touch the merry string  
 Of Orpheus ; no, these are no times to sing  
 Can hide-bound Pris'ners, that have spent their souls,  
 And famish'd bodies in the noisome holes  
 Of hell black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,  
 Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes ?  
 Can the sad Pilgrim, that hath lost his way  
 In the vast desart ; there condemn'd a prey  
 To the wild subject, or his savage King,  
 Rouze up his palfie smitten spirits, and sing ?  
 Can I a Pilgrim, and a Pris'ner too,  
 ( Alas ! ) where I am neither known, nor know  
 Ought but my torments, an unrandom'd stranger  
 In this strange climate, in a land of danger ?  
 O, can my voice be pleasant or my hand,  
 Thus made a Pris'ner to a forein land ?  
 How can my musick relish in your ears,  
 That cannot speak for sobs, not sing for tears ?  
 Ah, if my voice could, Orpheus-like, unspel  
 My poor Eurydice, my soul, from hell  
 Of earths misconstru'd Heaven, O then my breast  
 Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should seat  
 The ears of Seraphims, and entertain  
 Heav'n's highest Deity with their lofty strain,  
 A strain well drench'd in the true Thespian Well,  
 Till then, earths Semiquaver, mirth, farewell.

AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity, with excessive sweetnesse and inutterable exultation ! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee. But we prest down with this burthen of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with mortall vanitie, cannot worthily praise thee : We praise thee by faith ; not face to face : but those Angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and in the faith.



EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing ? said I these times  
Were not for songs ? nor musick for these climes ?  
It was my error : are not groans and tears  
Harmonious raptures in th' A' mighty's ears ?

XVI



I charge you, oye daughters of Jerusalem—  
if ye shall not be loved by you till long I am sick  
of love. Cantrig. 9. 3 26

בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל וְבְנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל וְבְנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל  
וְבְנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל וְבְנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל וְבְנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל

## THE FIFTH BOOK

I.

## CANTICLES 5. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if  
 you find my beloved, that you tell him that  
 I am sick of love.

You holy Virgins, that so oft surround  
 the cities Saphire walls, whose snowy fane  
 Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground  
 And trace the new Jerus'lems Jasper street.  
 Ah, you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd  
 With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet  
 Of : If your hopes; If e're you chance to spie  
 My abient Love, O tell him that I lie  
 Deep wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his eye;

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to hear  
 The heav'ly musick of your Lovers voice,  
 I charge you by the solemn faith you bear  
 To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice  
 Of your affections, or, if ought more dear  
 You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joyes,  
 I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,  
 Shot from his eye hath pierc'd my bleeding heart;  
 And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart;

R.

Tell

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast  
 Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soul is pin'd ;  
 Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppress'd  
 With the full torments of a troubled mind ;  
 O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,  
 But I in earnest ; tell him he's unkind :  
 But if a discontented frown appears  
 Upon his angry brow, accost his ears  
 With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in tears.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive  
 My soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks ;  
 Tell him those damask roses, that did strive  
 With white, both fade, upon my falow cheeks ;  
 Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,  
 But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks ;  
 Thus if your piercing words should chance to bate  
 His harkning ear, and move a sigh, give ore  
 To speak ; and tell him - Tell him, that I could no more.

5

If your elegious breath should hap to rouze  
 A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,  
 Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,  
 Which neither I can break, nor he deny ;  
 Bewail the torments of his loyal spouse,  
 That for his sake would make a sport to die :  
 O blessed virgins how my passion tires  
 Beneath the burthen of her fond desires !  
 Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never felt such fires !

## S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 40.

*What shall I say? What shall I do? Whither shall I go? Where shall I seek him? Or when shall I find him? Whom shall I ask? Who will tell my beloved that I am sick of Love?*

## GUILIEL. in cap. 5. Cant.

*I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love my self, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me: I love not my self in my self, but my self in him, and him in me.*

## EPIG. I.

Grieve not (my soul) nor let thy love wax faint;  
Weep'st thou to lose the cause of thy complaint?  
He'll come; Love ne'r was bound to times nor laws;  
Till then thy tears complain without a cause.

IL



*I am my beloved's and he careth  
towards me. Song 2-19 - W. Simpson*

## IL

## CANTICLES 2. 5.

*Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples, for I am sick with love.*

O Tyrant love ! how doth thy sor' reign pow'r  
Subject poor souls to thy imperious thrall ;  
They say, thy cup's compo'd of sweet and sower ;  
They say, thy diet's honey mixt with gall ;  
How comes it then to pain these lips of ours  
Still trade in bitter ; talk no sweet at all ?  
O tyrant love ! Shall our perpetual roil,  
Ne'r find a Sabbath to refresh a while  
Our drooping souls ? Art thou all frowns, and ne'r a smile ?

You blessed Maids of honour that frequent  
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,  
With flow'rs restore my spirits faint and spent ;  
O fetch me apples from Loves fruitful grove,  
To cool my palate, and renew my sent,  
For I am sick, for I am sick of love.  
These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,  
And they will sweeten my unsav'ry hou's ;  
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'r,

O bring me apples to asswage that fire,  
 Which Ætna-like inflames my flaming breast;  
 Nor is it every apple I desire,  
 Nor that which pleases every palate best :  
 'Tis not the lasting Deuzan I require,  
 Nor yet the red-cheek'd Queening I request ;  
 Nor that which first besprew'd the name of wife,  
 Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife ;  
 No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye  
 With the fair wealth of Flora's Magazine ;  
 The purple violet and the pale fac'd lilly ;  
 The pancy and the organ columbine ;  
 The flowring thyme, the guilt-bowl daffadilly ;  
 The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine ;  
 The blushing rose, the queen of flowers, and best  
 Of Flora's beauty ; but above the rest,  
 Let Jesses sovereign flower perfume my qualming breast.

Haste, Virgins, haste, for I lie weak and faine,  
 Beneath the pangs of love ; why stand ye mute,  
 As if your silence neither car'd to grant ;  
 Nor yet your language to deny my suit ;  
 No key can lock the door of my complaint,  
 Until I smell this flower, or tast that fruit ;  
 Go, Virgins, seek this tree, and search that bow'r ;  
 O, how my soul shall bless that happy hour,  
 That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a flower.

## GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos. 3.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it ! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire ! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only saoureth divine nourishment !

## S. B E R N. Serm. 51. in Cant.

By flowers understand faith ; by fruit, good works : As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works : So neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

## EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my soul ? Can they remove,  
The pangs of grief, or ease the flames of love ?  
It was that fruit which gave the first offence ;  
That sent him higher ; that remov'd him hence.

335

Emblemer.

Book.

III.



As I went to my master I saw his horse  
die and said to the Lasses. Come. 2. 16.

## III.

## CANTICLES 2. 16.

*My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the lillies.*

**E**v'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,  
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,  
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,  
Meet both at length in silvex-breasted Thames,  
Where in a greater current they conjoin :  
So I my bel't beloveds am ; so he is mine,

## 2

Ev'n so we met ; and after long pursuit,  
Ev'n so we joyn'd we both became entire,  
No need for either to renew a suit,  
For I was flax and he was flames of fire;  
Our firm united souls did more then twine ;  
So I my bel't-beloveds am ; so he is mine,

## 3

If all those gilt'ring Monarchs that command  
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,  
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,  
I would not change my fortunes for them all :  
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin,  
The world's but theirs ; but my beloved's mine.

Nay

4

Nay more ; if the fair Thespian Ladies all  
 Should heap together their diviner treasure ;  
 That treasure should be deem'd a price too small  
 To buy a minutes lease of half my pleasure ;  
 'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine  
 Can buy my heart from him, or hi., from being mine.

5

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can baw  
 My least desires unto the least remove ;  
 He's firmly mine by oath ; I his by vow ;  
 He's mine by faith ; and I am his by love ;  
 He's mine by water ; I am h's by wine ;  
 Thus I my best-beloveds am ; thus he is mine.

6

He is my Altar ; I, his holy Place ;  
 I am his guest ; and he, my living food ;  
 I'm his by penitence ; he mine by grace ,  
 I'm his by purchase ; he is mine by blood ;  
 He's my supporting elm ; and I his vine :  
 Thus I my best beloveds am ; thus he is mine.

7

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows :  
 I give him songs; he gives me length of dayes :  
 With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows :  
 And I his Temples with a crown of Praise ,  
 Which he accepts as an ev'rlasting sign,  
 That I my best beloveds am ; that he is mine.

S. AUGUST

## 5. AUGUST. Manu. cap. 24.

O my soul stamp with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art so much beloved: bend to him that bowereth to thee, seek him that seeketh thee: Love thy lover, by whose love thou art prevened, being the cause of thy love: Be careful with those that are careful, want with those that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: choose this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away remaineth only faithful to thee: In the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their prey.

## EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my soul: What? lost and found?  
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon, and crown'd!  
He did but climb the Crofs, and then came down  
To th' gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a Crown.

## IV.



Stay me with flowers; comfort me with  
apples, for I am sick of love Cant. 2. 5.

## IV.

## CANTICLES 7. TO.

*I am my Beloveds, and his desire is towards me.*

**L**ike to the Attick needle, that doth guide  
The wand'ring shade by his magnetick pow'r,  
And leaves his likē Gnomon to decide  
The question of the controverced hour,  
First stranckes up and down, from side to side  
And restles beats his crystal'd Ivry case,  
With vain impatience ; jets from place to place,  
And seeks the bosome of his frozen bride,  
At length he stucks his motion, and doth rest  
His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved breast.

**E**v'n so my soul, being hurried here and there,  
By ev'ry object that presents delight,  
Fain would be fetted, but she knows not where ;  
She likes at morning what she loathes at night :  
She bows to honour ; then she lends an ear  
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,  
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure ;  
Now flatter'd with false hope ; now foyl'd with fear ;  
Thus finding all the worlds delights to be  
But empty toyes, good God, she points along to thee.

But

3

But hath the virtued steel a power to move ?  
 Or can the untouch'd needle point aright ;  
 Or can my wandring thoughts forbear to rove,  
 Unguided by the virtue of thy sp'rit ?  
 O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve  
 Her wasted talent, and unrais'd, aspire  
 In this sad moulting time of her desire ?  
 Not first belov'd have I the power to love ;  
 I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me,  
 Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

4

The still commandress of the silent night  
 Borrows her beams from her bright brothers eye ;  
 His fair aspe&t fills her sharp horns with light,  
 If he withdraw her flames are quench'd and die :  
 Even so the beams of her enlightning sp'rit  
 Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,  
 Inflame my thoughts and fill my soul with fire ;  
 That I am ravish'd with a new delight ;  
 But if thou shroud thy face, my glory fades,  
 And I remain a *Nothing*, all cympos'd of shades.

5

Eternal God ! O thou that only art  
 The sacred Eountain of eternal light,  
 And blessed Load stone of my better part,  
 O thou my hearts desire, my souls delight,  
 Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,  
 And then my heart shall prize no good above thee ;  
 And then my soul shall know thee, knowing, love thee ;  
 And then my trembling thoughts shall never start  
 From thy commands, or swerve the least degréé,  
 Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST, Med. cap. 35.

If Man can love man with so entire affection, that the one  
can scarce brook the others absence? if a bride can be joyned  
to her bridegroom with so great an ardency of mind, that for  
the extremity of love she can enjoy no rest, nor suffering by ab-  
sence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fer-  
vency ought the soul whom thou hast espoused by faith and com-  
passion, to love thee her true God and glorious bridegroom?



EPIG. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear : 'Twas thought a good  
And easie pen'worth of thy Saviours blood :  
But he not proud ; All matters rightly scann'd,  
'Twas over-bought : 'Twas sold at second hand.



(My Soule rocked, when my beloved  
spake. Cant: 6. 6  
*With Simpson's cut.*



Thy flames, O Cupid ( though the joyful heart  
 Feels neither pang of grief, nor fears the smart  
 Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires )  
 Are torments, weigh'd with these celestial fires ;  
 Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,  
 That O I languish in excess of pleasure :  
 What ravish'd heart, that feels these melting joys,  
 Would not despise and loath the treach'rous toys  
 Of dunghill earth ? What soul would not be proud  
 Of wry-mouth'd scorns, the worst that flesh and blood  
 Had rancor to devise ? Who would not bear  
 The worlds derision with a thankful ear ?  
 What palat would refuse full bowls of spight,  
 To gain a minutes taste of such delight ?  
 Great spring of light in whom there is no shade,  
 But what my interposed sins have made.  
 Whole narrow melting fires admit no screen  
 But what my own rebellions put between  
 Their precious flames and my obdurate ear ?  
 Disperse this plague distilling clouds, and cleag  
 My enungy soul into a glorious day ;  
 Transplant this screen, remove this bar away,  
 Then, then my fluent soul shall feel the fires  
 Of thy sweet voite, and my dissolv'd desires  
 Shall turn a sor'reign ballome, to make whole  
 Those wounds my sins inflicted on thy soul.

## S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 34.

What fire is it that so warmeth my heart? What light is it that so enlighteneth my soul? O fire, that always burnest, and never goest out, kindle me: O light, which ever shinest, and art never darkened, illuminate me: O that I had my heart from thee, most holy fire! How sweetly dost thou burn? How secretly dost thou shine? How desiderably dost thou inflame me!

## BONAVENT. Stim. amoris cap. 8.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal, mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy a friend; a servant, a son; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid;



## EPIG. 5.

My soul thy gold is true, but full of dross;  
Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with some loss;  
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;  
Thou must be melted ere thy art cast away,

S. 2

## VI.



O wretched Man that I am who shall  
deliver me from the body of this death

*¶*

## VI.

## PSALM. 73. 25.

*whom have I in Heaven but thee? and what desire I on earth in respect of thee?*

## 2

I Love ( and have some cause to love : ) the earth :  
 She is my Makers creature ; therefore good :  
 She is my Mother, for she gave me birth ;  
 She is my tender Nurse ; she gives me food ;  
 But what's a Creature, Lord compar'd with thee ?  
 Or what's my Mother, or my Nurse to me ?

I love the Air : her dainty sweets refresh  
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;  
 Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustain me with their flesh,  
 And with their Polyphonian notes delight me :  
 But what's the Air or all the sweets that she  
 Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee ?

## 3

I love the Sea : She is my fellow-Creature,  
 My careful perveyour ; she provides me store ;  
 She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;  
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :  
 But Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,  
 What is the Ocean, or her wealth to me,

4  
To heav'ns high city I direct my journey,  
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;  
Mine eye, by contemplations great Attorney,  
Transcends the crystal pavement of the skie :

But what is Heav'n, great God compar'd to Thee ?  
Without thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me,

5  
Without thy presence Earth gives no refection ;  
Without thy presence Sea affords no treasure ;  
Without thy presence Air's a rank infection ;  
Without thy presence Heav'n it self's no pleasure :

If not possest'd if not enjoy'd in thee,  
What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heav'n to me ?

6  
The highest honour, that the World can boast,  
Are subjects far too low for my desire ;  
The brightest beams of glory are ( at most )  
But dying sparkles of thy living fire :

The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be  
But nightly Glow-worms if compar'd to thee,

7  
Without thy presence, Wealth are bags of cares ;  
Wisdom, but folly ; Joy, disquiet sadness :  
Friendship is treason, and Delights are snares ;  
Pleasures but pain, and Mirth but pleasing madness :  
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,  
Nor have they being, When compar'd with thee.

8  
In having all things, and not thee, what have I ?  
Not having thee, what have my labours got ?  
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I ?  
And having thee alone, what have I not ?  
I wish nor Sea, nor Land ; nor would I be  
Possest of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossest of thee.

## BONAVENTURE Soliloquy. Cap. I.

Alas! my God, now I understand (but blush to confess) that the beauty of thy Creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all thy Creatures; so which shou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty, & for who hath adorned the Heavens with stars? Who hath strown the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all these but a small spark of divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ; Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universal reward.



## EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts a' out him,  
And scorn this dross within him; that without him?  
Cast up (my soul) thy clearer eye; Behold,  
If thou be fully melted, there 'the mold.

S. 4

VII.



*Measuring the magnitude of the effect  
of  $\text{KClO}_4$  on  $\text{Na}^+$ .*

## VII.

*Was it to me, that Nature gave such cheek, and  
dwelt in the sun?*

I See Nature's course diff'rent? I don't dotes that stand?  
Or hath some frolick heart set back the hand?  
Of times perpetual Clock? will never strike?  
Is weary Time grown lazy, train too soft,  
With every Age, to teach the great Will-work?  
Of Adamantine filters fine made small?  
Of pure new Earth, which moves in solid ground?  
In whom shall my weary arm be bold?  
And who prop me up, waiting still for ever?  
Is there no chariot to bind will's way?  
My self among them, that are immov'd long?  
May we delivered from that ill day, hole  
Of destruction? O shall we never  
Be ministrants unto man's slave for ever?  
It is a lot of misery, once to die.  
But e're that death, how many deaths have I?  
What humane madness makes the world afraid  
To entertain heav'n's joy, because convey'd  
By th' hand of death? will nakedness refuse  
Rich change of Robes, because the man's not spruce?  
That brought them? or will poverty send back  
Full bags of gold, because the bringers black?  
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,  
Fill'd with the torment of a thousand deaths;

Which

Which being prick'd by death ( while death deprives  
One life ) presents the soul a thousand lives :  
O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd  
Thy Bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd  
Upon her false delights ! Delights that cease  
Before enjoyment finds a time to please :  
Her sickle joys breed doubtful fears ; her fears  
Bring hopeful griefs ; her griefs weeps fearful tears !  
Tears coyn deceitful hopes ; hopes careful doubt,  
And surly passion justles passion out :  
To day we pamper with a full repast  
Of lavish mirth, at night we weep as fast :  
To night we swim in wealth, and lend ; to morrow,  
We finck in want, and find no friend to borrow,  
In what a climate doth my soul reside ?  
Where palefac'd murther, the first born of pride,  
Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles,  
And plighted faiths of men like Crocodiles ;  
A land, where each embroyd'red fatten word  
Is lin'd with fraud ; where *Mars* his lawless sword  
Exiles *Ares*'s balance ; where that hand  
Now slayes his brother, that new sow'd his land ;  
O that my dayes of bondage would expire  
In this lewd soyl ! Lord, how my soul's on fire  
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain  
These long'd for joyes, long'd for so oft in vain !  
If *Moses* like I may not live possest  
Of his fair land ; Lord, let me see't at least,

## S. AUGUST, Soliloquy, cap. 12.

My life is a frail life ; a corruptible life ; a life, which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth : The farther it giveth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow full of the snares of death : Now I rejoice, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and straight I die ; now I seem happy, always miserable ; now I laugh, now I weep : Thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate : O joy above joy, exceeding all joy without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee ?

## EPIG. 7.

Art thou so weak ? O canst thou not digest  
An hour of travel for an night of rest ?  
Clear up my soul : call home thy sp'rits, and bear  
One bad good-friday, full mouth'd Easter's near.

## VIII.



whom have I in heaven but thee,  
I desire on earth in respect of thee.

VIII.

1. *Computer Aids to Chemical Process Design*

**ROMANS 7:26**

# ROMANS 7:24

1 year 10 months 10 days 11 hours 11 minutes 11 seconds

I am that I am & shall always be.

O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver  
me from the body of this death ?

**B**Behold thy darling, which the lustful care  
Pampers for whom thy relentless thoughts prepare  
Such early cares : for whom thy bubbling brow,  
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do ow  
Such midnight scores to nature, for whose sake  
Base earth is sainted, the infernal lake  
Unfear'd, the Crown of glory poorly rated ?  
Thy God neglected, and thy Brother hated ;  
Behold thy darling, whom thy soul affects  
So dearly ; whom thy fond Indulgence decks  
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds :  
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondness feeds  
With far-fet'ched delicacies, the dear-bought gains  
Of ill-spent time, the price of half thy veins :  
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by tract,  
Derides thy nakedness ; and when most free,  
Proclaims her lover slave ; and being fed  
Most full, then strikes th' indulgent feeder dead ;  
What mean'st thou thus, my poor deluded soul,  
To love so fondly ? Can the burning cole  
Of thy affection last without the fuel  
Of counter-love ? Is thy compeer so cruel,  
And thou so kind, to love unlov'd again ?  
Canst thou low favour, and thus reap disdain ?

### **Remember**

Remember, O remember, thou art born  
 Of royal blood ; remember thou art Iworti  
 A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heaven ;  
 Remember what a costly price was given  
 To ransome thee from slav'ry thou wert in ;  
 And wilt thou now, my soul, turn slave again ?  
 The Son and Heir to Heav'n's Throne J E H O V H  
 Would fain become a suter for thy love,  
 And offers for thy dow'r his fathers Throne,  
 To sit for Seraphimis to gaze upon ;  
 He'll give thee Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, and Things  
 Transcending far the Majesty of Kings :  
 And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms  
 Of this base scullion ? shall his hollow arms  
 Hug thy soft sides ? shall these coarse hands untie  
 The sacred Zone of thy virginity ?  
 For shame degen'rous soul, let thy desire  
 Be quickned up with more heroick fire ;  
 Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye  
 Read nobler objects ; let thy thoughts despise  
 Such am'rous baseness ; let thy foul disdain  
 Th'gnoble profers of so base a swain ;  
 Or if thy vows be past, and Hymens bands  
 Have ceremonied your unequal hands,  
 Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act  
 With insufficiency, or percontract ;  
 Or if the act be good, yet wait thou plead  
 A second freedom ; or the flesh is dead.

NAZIANZ

## NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyn'd to this body I know not; which when it is  
bealibut, provoketh me to war, and being damaged by war,  
affectioneth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow seruant,  
and hate as an utter enemy: It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious  
friend. O strange conjunction and alienation: when I stir I em-  
brace, and what I love I am afraid of? before I make war, I  
am reconciled; before I enjoy peace I am at variance.



## EPIG. 3.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood?  
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?  
Cost idly spent! That cost death but prolong  
Thy infaldome. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.



I am in a Bright Anticipation looking  
desire to Depart & to be w<sup>th</sup> Christ.  
Philippians 1:23-24

## IX.

## PHILIPPIANS i. 23.

*I am in a strait between two, having a desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.*

**W**HAT meant our careful parents to wear,  
And leave out their ill-extended hours,  
To purchase for us these afflictions here,  
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?  
What meant they, and what meant they to endure  
Such loads of needless labour, to procure  
And make that thing our own, which was our own too sore?

What mean these by 'lie and polk' live keys?  
What mean these bargains, and these needless sales?  
What need these jealous, thicke suspicione ways  
Of law-devise, and law diffolv'd entail?  
No need to swear for gold, wherewith to buy  
Estates of high-priz'd land ; no need  
Earth to each hand, where they but close it with hand, as I.

## 3

O were their souls but clogg'd with earth, as I,  
They would not purchase with so fat an itch ;  
They would not take of alms, what now they buy ?  
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich ;  
They would not take such pains, project and plog,  
To charge their shoulders with so great a log :  
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

## T

4  
I cannot do an act which earth disdains ;

I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not ;  
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not

I cannot make a vow earth interprets not :

If I but offer up an early groan,

Or spread my wings to Heav'n's long-long'd for throne  
She darkens my complaints, and draggs my offering down.

5  
Ev'n like the hawk, ( whose keepers wary hands  
Have made a pris'ner to her wethring stock )

Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,

Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block,

But her too faithful leash doth soon retain

Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain ;

It gives her loins a twich, and tuggs her back again.)

6  
So, when my soul directs her better eye

To Heav'n's bright Palace ( where my treasure lies )

I spread my willing wings, but cannot flie,

Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise :

When I but strive to mount the least degree,

Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee ;

Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee !

7  
Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain ;

In vain I offer my extended hands :

I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain :

I cannot come till thou release my bands :

Which if thou please to break, and then supply

My wings with spirit, th' Eagle shall not flie

A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

BONAVENT.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. I.

Ab sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the  
beautifull shafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and  
languish with the only desire of thee; that it may desire to be  
dissolved, and to be with thee: Let it hunger alone for the  
bread of life: let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountain of  
eternal life, the stream of true pleasure: let it always, desire  
thee, seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.

EPIG. 9.

What? will thy shackles neither loose nor break?  
Are they too strong, or is thy arm too weak?  
Art will prevail where knotty strength denies?  
My soul, there's Aquafortis in thine eyes.

X.



W. H. D. & Son before  
delivrd. J. G. S. 2.  
1858

W. H. D. & Son before  
delivrd. J. G. S. 2.  
1858

## X.

## PSALM 142. 7.

*Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise  
thy Name.*

MY Soul is like a Bird, my flesh the cage,  
Wherin she wears her weary pilgrimage;  
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed  
With sacred Wine, and Sacramental Bread;  
The keyes that lock her in, and let her out,  
Are Birth and Death; 'twixt both she hops about  
From perch to perch, from sense to reason; then  
From higher reason down to sense again:  
From sense she climbs to Faith; where for a season  
She sits and sings; then down again to reason;  
From reason back to faith, and straight from thence  
She rudely flutters to the perch of sense:  
From sense to hope; then here from hope to doubt,  
From doubt; to dull despair; there seeks about  
For desp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate,  
She wildly thrusts, and beggs th' untimely date  
Of the unexpired thralldom, to release  
Th'afflicted captive, that can find no peace.  
Thus am I coop'd within this fleshly cage  
I wear my youth, and waste my weary age,  
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt  
Heav'n praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint;  
Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing  
From shrubs to Cedars, and there chirp and sing.

In choice of raptures, harmonious story  
Of mans Redemption, and his Makers glory :  
You glori. us Martyrs, you illus'ous stoops,  
That once were cloyller'd in your fleshly coops,  
As fast as I, what rhet'rick had your tongues ?  
What dextrous Art had your Elegiak songs ?  
What *Paul-like* pow'r had your admir'd devotion  
What shackle-breaking faith infus'd such motion  
To your strong prayer, that could obtain the boon  
To be enlarg'd ; to be uncag'd so soon ?  
When I, poor I, can sing my daily tears,  
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears :  
You great partakers of eternal glory,  
That with your Heav'n-prevailing Oratory,  
Releas'd your souls from your terrestrial cage,  
Permit the passion of my holy rage  
To recommend my sorrows, dearly known  
To you, in days of old, and once your own,  
To your best thoughts, ( but oh't doth not besit ye  
To move your pray'rs ; you love joy, not pittie : )  
Great Lord of souls to whom should pris'ners lie,  
But thee ? Thou hadst thy cage, as well as I ;  
And for thy sake, thy pleasure was to know  
The sorrows that it brought, and feltst them too ;  
O set me free, and I will spend those days,  
Which now I waste in begging, in thy praise.

ANSELM.

## ANSELM. In Protolog. cap. I.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! Alas, what hath he lost? And what hath he found? He hath lost happiness for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made: What is gone? And what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy? That thing is left, by which he is miserable? O wretched men! From whence are we expelled? To what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? And whither are we hurried? From our home into banishment; from the sight of God into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death: Miserable change! From how great a good, to how great an evil? Ab me, what have I enterprise'd? What have I done? Whither did I go? Whither am I come?

## BPIG. 10.

Rau's midnight-voice prevail'd; his musicks thunder  
Unhing'd the prison-doors, split bolts in funder:  
And fixt thou here, and hangst the feeble wing?  
And whin'st to be enlarg'd? Soul, learn to sing.



As de Mar que se pôs em fogo  
queimou-se e queimou-se o Lote Pêra

— 10 —

de queimou-se o Lote Pêra  
queimou-se e queimou-se o Lote Pêra  
queimou-se e queimou-se o Lote Pêra  
queimou-se e queimou-se o Lote Pêra

## PSALM 24. 2.

*As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks,  
so panteth my soul after thee, O God.*

**H**ow shall my tongue express that hallow'd fire  
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my sinfull heart?  
What Muse shall I invoke, that will inspire  
My lowly quill to act a lofty part?  
What Art shall I devise t' express desire,  
Too intricate to be express'd by Art?  
Let all the Nine be silent; I refuse  
Their aid in this high task, for they abuse  
The flames of love too much; assist me, David's Muse,

Not as the thirsty soil desires soft showers  
To quicken and refresh her Embrios grain;  
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flow'rs  
Requells the bounty of a morning rain,  
Do I desire my God: these in few hours,  
Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain;  
But as the swift-foot Hart doth wounded lie  
To th' much desired streams, even so do I  
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die;

## 3

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee ;  
 O, they have singled out my panting heart,  
 And wanton Cupid, sitting in a tree,  
 Hath pierc'd my bosome with a flaming dart ;  
 My soul being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,  
 But cannot find where thou my refuge art.  
 Like as the swift-foot Hart doth wounded lie  
 To the desired streams, ev'n so do I  
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

## 4

At length by flight, I over-went the pack ;  
 Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound  
 The blood that follow'd, left a purple track,  
 Which brought a Serpent, but in shape a Hound ;  
 We strove, he bit me ; but thou brak'st his back,  
 I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground ;  
 But as the Serpent-bitten Hart doth lie  
 To the long-long'd for streams, ev'n so did I  
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

## 5

If Lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright ;  
 Thou art the stream, whereto my soul is bound ;  
 Or if a Jav'lin wound my sides in flight,  
 Thou art the Balsom that must cure my wound :  
 If poysen chance to infect my soul in fight,  
 Thou art the Treacle that must make me sound :  
 Ev'n as the wounded Hart, embost, doth lie  
 To th' streams extremly long'd for, so do I  
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

## CYRILL. lib. 5. in Job. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysome thirst of this world, scourgeth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly flowers, and bringeth backe the thirsty heart of man to his only God !

## S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy ; Lord, I thirst : Thou art the spring of life, sacrifice me ; I thirst Lord, I thirst after thee the living God !

## EPIG. 11.

The arrow smitten Hart, deep wounded, flies  
To th' springs with water in his weeping eyes :  
Heav'n is thy spring : If Satans fiery dart  
Pierce thy faint sides : do so, my wounded Heart.

XII



*Birds are more of Heaven than I may praise  
the Name : P. 142. r. will jampfer sculptor*

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## XII.

## PSALM 42. 2.

*when shall I come and appear before God?*

**W**HAT is my soul the better to be rai'd  
With holy fire ? What boots it m be coyn'd:  
With Heavens own blazon ? What vantage can there be  
To souls of Heav'n descended pedigree,  
More, than to beasts that grov'le ? Are not they  
Fed by th' Almighty's hand ? And ev'ry day,  
Fill'd with his blessing too ? Do they not see  
God in his Creatures, as direct as we ?  
Do they not taile thee ? Hear then : nay, what sense  
Is nor partaker of thine Excellence ?  
What more do we ? Alas, what serves our reason,  
But like dark-lanthorns, to accomplish treason  
With greater clofulness ? It affords no light,  
Brings thee no nearer to our pur-blind sight ;  
No pleasure rises up the leall degree,  
Great God, but in the clearer view of thee :  
What priv'ledge more than sense hath reaſon then ?  
What vantage is it to be born a man ?  
How often hath my patience built, deir Lord,  
Vain towrs of Hope upon thy gracious Word ?  
How often hath thy Hope-reviving Grace  
Woo'd my suspicioſ eyes to ſeek thy face ?  
How often have I fought thee ? O how long  
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue  
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'r obtain ;  
In vain I ſeek thee, and I beg in vain :

If it be high presumption to behold  
Thy face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold  
To seek it ? If that object be too bright  
For mans aspect, why did thy lips invite  
Mine eye t' expect it ? If it might be seen,  
Why is this envious curtain drawn between  
My darkard eye and it ? O tell me, why  
Thou dost command the thing thou dost deny ;  
Why dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,  
And then deny it my greedy soul the pleasure  
To view thy gift : Alas, that gift is void,  
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd :  
If those retulgent beams of Heavens great light  
Gild not the day, what is the day, but night ?  
The drouzy shepherd sleeps ; flowers droop and fade ;  
The birds are fullen, and the beast is sad ;  
But if bright Titus dart his golden ray,  
And, with his riches, glorifie the day,  
The jolly shepherd pipes ; flowers freshly spring ;  
The beasts grow gamesome, and the birds they sing ;  
Thou art my Sun, great God : O when shall I  
View the full beams of thy Meridian eye ?  
Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies  
The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes ;  
Or give the faith ; and by the eye of grace,  
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

## S. AUGUST. in Psal. 39.

Who created all things is better than all things ; who beautified all things is more beautiful than all things ; who made strength is stronger than all things : who made great things is greater, than all things : Whatsoever thou lovest, be it then in thee : Learn to love the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature : Let not that which was made by him possess thee, lest thou lose him by whom thy self was made.

## S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most fair; when shall I see thee ? When shall I be satisfied with thy beauty ? When wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confess thy name ?

## BPI G: 12.

How art thou shaded in this veil of night,  
Behind thy curtain flesh ? thou seest no light,  
But what thy pride doth challenge, as her own ;  
Thy flesh is high : Soul, take this curtain down,

XIII.



of the "Wings of a Dragonfly in India  
by Sir J. G. Frazer, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.



O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,  
 And loath the dainties of earths painful pleasure ?  
 • how I'de laugh to see men night and day  
 Turmoil, to gain that trash, they call their treasure !  
 O how I'de smile to see what plots they lay  
 To catch a blast, or own a smile from Cæsar !  
 Had I the pinions of a mounting Dove,  
 How I would soar and sing, and hate the love  
 Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above !

There should I find that everlasting pleasure, (not ;  
 Which change removes not, and which chance prevents  
 There should I find that everlasting treasure,  
 Which force deprives not, fortune disengages not ;  
 There should I find that everlasting Cæsar,  
 Whose hand recalls not, and whose heart repents not ;  
 Had I the pinions of a clipping Dove,  
 How I would climb the skies, and hate the love  
 Of transitory toys, and joy in things above ;  
 I should rising oft with a winged host,

No rank mouth'd slander there shall give offence,  
 Or blast our blooming names, as here they do ;  
 No liver-scalding lust shall there incense  
 Our boiling veins. There is no Cupid's bow ;  
 Lord, give my soul the milk-white innocence  
 Of Doves, and I shall have their pinions too ;  
 Had I the pinions of a sprightly Dove,  
 How I would quit this earth, and soar above  
 And Heav'n's blest kingdom find, with Heav'n's blest King

## S. AUGUST. in Psal. 138.

*What wings should I desire, but the two preceps of love, on which the Law, and the Prophets depend! O if I could obtain these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Justice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find those wings by love, which we have lost by lust.*

## S. AUGUST. in Psal. 76.

*Let us cast off whatsoever bindeth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which satisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which all things are.*



## EPIC 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, didst ever try  
How fast the wings of red-cross'd faith can fly?  
Why begg'st thou then the pinions of a Dove?  
Faith's wings are swifter, but the swiftest love;

V. 2.

## XIV.



*Fidelis et seruat ad aras.*

## XIV.

## PSALM. 84. I.

*How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of Hosts !*

A Ntient of dayes to whom all times are Now,  
Before whose Glory Seraphims do bow  
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,  
That, uncontain'd, at once doth fill all places ;  
How glorious, O how far beyond the height  
Of pur'led quills, or the obscure conceit  
Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports  
Of mortal tongues are thy exprefc'ts courts ?  
Whose glory to paint forth with greater Art,  
Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart ;  
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me  
For shewing scne, what Faith alone should see.

Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more  
Of Angel-measured leagues, from th' Eastern shore  
Of dungeon-earth this glorious Palace stands,  
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands  
Of armed Angels wait to entertain  
Those purged souls, for which the Lamb was slain ;  
Whose guiltless death and voluntary yielding  
Of whose given life, gave the brave court her building  
The luke warm blood of this dear Lamb being spilt ;  
To rubies turn'd whereof her posts were built ;  
And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,  
Did mixn tich Saphyres, and did pave her floor :

The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,  
 Grew Chrysolites, whereof her walls were made :  
 The milder glances spakled on the ground,  
 And ground-sild every door with Diamond ;  
 But dyling, darted upwards, and did fix  
 A battlement of purest Sardonix.  
 Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round,  
 Stars ly like pebbles scatt'red on the ground :  
 Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jasper stone,  
 Made gravell'd cause-ways to be trampled on.  
 There shines no Sun by day no Moon by night,  
 The Palace glory is the Palace light :  
 There is no time to measure motion by,  
 There Time is swallow'd with Eternity :  
 Wry-mouth'd Disdain, and corner hunting Lust,  
 And twy-fac'd Fraud, and beetle-brow'd Distrust,  
 Soul-hoyling Rage, and trouble state Sedition,  
 And giddy Doubt, and goggle-ey'd Suspition,  
 And lumpish Sorrow, and degen'rous Fear  
 Are banish'd thence, and Death's a stranger there :  
 But simple Love, and sempiternal Joys  
 Whose sweetness neither gluts nor fulness cloys ;  
 Where face to face our ravish'd eye shall see  
 Great E L O H I M, that glorious One in Three,  
 And Three in One, and seeing him shall bless him,  
 And blessing, love him, and in love posses him,  
 Here stay my soul and ravish in relation :  
 Thy words being spent, spend now in contemplation;

S. GREG.

## S. G R E G. in Psal. 7. penitent.

Sweet Jesus, the Word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom Angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will ; that led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed City, where day is eternal, where there is certain security, and secure eternity, and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness, and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure ; wherethou, O God, with the Father and the holy Spirit livest and reignest world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light without darkness ; joy without grief ; desire without punishment ; love without sadness ; safety without loathing ; safety without fear ; health without disease ; and life without death.

## EPIG. 14.

My soul, pry not too nearly ; the complexion  
Of Sol's bright face is seen but by reflexion :  
But would'it thou know what's Heav'n ? I'll tell thee what,  
Think, what thou canst not think, and Heav'n is that,

V 4

## XV.



Make us thy beloved and be thou like to  
a young Hart upon y' Mountains of Spies. Cant: 8: 4.

NON HABETIS TIBI CUM VENIENTIBUS MUNERA  
Sicut excedit et non potest videris. Et dicitur  
ad eum Ihesus Christus dicens vobis dico ut  
caveat non quod habeat plumbum ne queas arietem.

## XV.

## CANTICLES. 8. 14.

*Make hast, my Beloved, and be like the Roe,  
or the young Hart upon the mountains of  
Spices.*

O, gentle tyrant, go ; thy flames do pierce ;  
My soul too deep ; thy flames are too too fierce ;  
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits fry  
I' th' torrid Zone of thy Meridian eye ;  
Away, away, thy sweets are too perfuming :  
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming :  
Hast hence, and let thy winged steps o'm-go,  
The frightened Ro-buck, and this flying Roe.  
But wilt thou leave me then ? O thou that art  
Life of any soul, soul of my dying heart,  
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes ?  
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies,  
Art thou so easily woo'd ? so apt to hear  
The frantick language of my foolish fear ?  
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me ;  
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'recome me !  
O how they wound ! but how my wounds consent me !  
How sweetly these delightful pains torment me !  
How I am tortur'd in excessive measure  
Of pleasing cruelties too cruel pleasure !  
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams ;  
I languish with these bitter-sweet extremes :

Hast then and let thy winged steps out-go  
 The flying Ro-buck, and his frightened Ro.  
 Turn back, my dear ; O let my ravish'd eye  
 Once more behold thy face before thou fly ;  
 What shall we part without a mutual kiss ?  
 O who can leave so sweet a face as this ?  
 Look full upon me ; for my soul desires  
 To turn a holy Martyr in those fires :

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me ;  
 Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.  
 If thou becloud the Sun-shine of thy eye,  
 I freeze to death, and if it shine, I fry ;  
 Which like a feaver, that my soul hath got,  
 Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot :  
 Alas, I cannot bear so sweet a smart,  
 Nor canst thou be less glorious, than thou art.

Hast then and let thy winged steps out-go  
 The frightened Ro-buck, and this flying Ro.  
 But go not far beyond the reach of breath ;  
 Too large a distance makes another death ;  
 My youth is in her spring ; Autumnal vows  
 Will make me riper for so sweet a Spouse ;  
 When after-times have burnish'd my desire,  
 I'll shoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me ;  
 Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

Save first plain to thine selfe, if thou  
 Be too bold to tell me, if I may not  
 And excess of shew vident of want ;  
 That makes me to age, and to make old  
 From youth vinted with joy, for am I vinted, over ?  
 Can am I, o woe ! soe dignitiously, our honour too old, now I  
 Am old, and abus'd, yet wond'ring ! but now you wond O  
 Our honour which hindgibb alredy, now will wond  
 And excess of shew vident of want, I wond  
 I equallly have our exiles, our guile, O  
 Am old, and abus'd, yet wond'ring, gave away  
 ; comming now, mid-steads, now illenged, I

Autor scvlz Paradisi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor despair; think not thy self condemned,  
if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face awhile: all things co-  
operate for the best: both from his absence, and his presence  
thou gainest light: He cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee:  
He cometh to make thee consolato; he goeth, to make thee cau-  
tious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: he cometh, that  
thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his fa-  
miliarity should be condemned; and being absent to be more  
desired; and being desired, to be more earnestly sought: and  
being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

EPIG. 15.

My soul sins Monster, whom with greater ease  
Ten thousand fold, thy God could make than please;  
What would'st thou have? nor pleas'd with sun, nor shade?  
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.



*How minde are thy Tabernacles O Lord  
of thy my soule longeath, yea evn faint:  
at for the counte of the Lord: Ps: 14:2.*

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## EMBLEM

God is in every place; he is not farre off.  
I am with you alwaies, sayes god: I will  
not leave you, or for to forsake you saith god: I will  
be with you alwaies to the end of the world.

THE  
FAREWELL  
REVELATION 2. 10.

*Be thou faithful unto death, And I will give thee the crown of life.*

**B**E faithful, Lord, what's that?  
Believe: 'tis easie to believe; but what?  
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded;  
And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,  
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded  
For these foul deeds thy hands have done.  
Believe, that he whose gentle palms  
Thy needle-pointed fists have nail'd;  
Hath born thy illavish load (of alms)  
And made supply where thou hast fail'd;  
Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?  
It is a love too strange for man to believ'  
  
**B**elieve that he, whose side  
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, di'd;  
To save thy guilty soul from dying  
Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence  
There was no scape, there was no flying,  
But through his dearest bloods expence;  
Believe, this dying friend requires  
No other thanks for all his pain,  
But ev'n the truth of weak desires,  
And for his love, but love again;  
Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?  
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

## E N T

With floods of tears baptize  
 And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes ;  
 Lord, whet my dull my blunt belief,  
 And break this fleshly rock in sunder,  
 That from this heart, this hell of grief,  
 May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder ?  
 O if thy mercies will remove  
 And melt this lead from my belief,  
 My grief will then refine my love,  
 My love will then refresh my grief :  
 Then weep mine eyes as he hath bled ; vouchsafe  
 To drop for every drop an Epitaph,

But is the crown of Glory  
 The wages of a lamentable story ?  
 Or can so great a purchase rise  
 From a salt humours ? can mine eye  
 Run fast enough to obtain this prize ?  
 If so, Lord, who's so mad to die ?  
 Thy tears are trifles ; thou must do :  
 Alas I cannot then endeavour :  
 I will ! but will a tug or two  
 Suffice the turn ? thou must persevere ;  
 I'll strive till death ; and shall my feeble strife  
 Be crown'd ? I'll crown it with a crown of life.  
 But is there such a dearth  
 That thou must buy, what is thy due by birth ?  
 He whom thy hands did form of dust  
 And gave him breath upon condition ;  
 To love his great Creatour, must  
 He now be thine by composition ?

Art thou a gracious God and mild,  
Or head-strong man rebellious rather?  
O, man's a base rebellious child,  
And thou a very gracious Father:

The gift is thine; we strive, thou crown'st our strife;  
Thou giv'st us Faith; and Faith, a crown of life,

---

F I N I S.

---

... bie in dieß worten e spis  
seßt, daß es gern und oft  
Menschen lobt und ehr  
und gedenkt, was es gesagt  
es ist, daß es gern und oft  
Menschen lobt und ehr  
und gedenkt, was es gesagt

---

21 VIII

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*The mind of the Frontispiece*

This Bubble's Man: Hope, Fear, false Joy and Trouble;  
Are those four Winds which daily toss this Bubble.

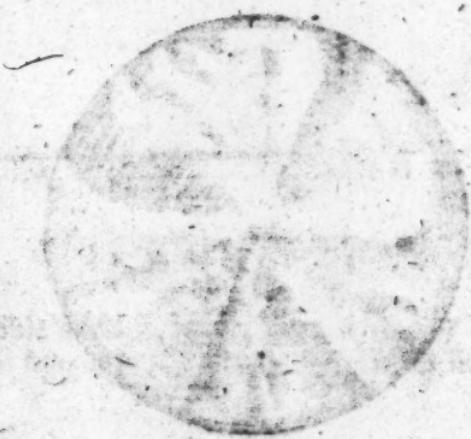
E. Elizabeth Bate

1684

Hieroglyphicks  
of the life of Man



Fran: Quarles



1860

To the Right Honourable

Both in BLOOD and VIRTUE,  
and most accomplisht Lady

MARY,

COUNTESS of DORSET,  
Lady Governess to the most  
Illustrious

CHARLES,

PRINCE of Great BRITTAINE, and  
JAMES,  
DUKE of YORK.

Excellent Lady,

I present these Tavoris to burn under the safe  
protection of your Honourable Name: where,  
I presume, they stand secure from the Damps of  
Ignorance, and Blasts of Censure, It is a small

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

part of that abundant service which my bound-  
ful heartoweth your incomparable goodness. I  
pleased to honour it with your noble Accep-  
tance, which shall be nothing but what your  
own esteem shall make it.

MADAM,

Your Ladiship's most

humble Servant,

CHARLES

PRINCE of GENE BRITAN

JAMES

DUC of YORK

CHARLES I 1649

I

To the Reader.

If you are satisfied with my *Emblems*, I  
here set before you a second Service. It is  
an *Ægyptian* dish, drest on the *English*  
fashion: They, at their Feasts, used to pre-  
sent a Deaths-head at their second Course:  
This will serve for both. You need not fear  
a surfeit: Here is but little; and that,  
light of digestion: If it but please your Pa-  
late, I question not your stomach: Fall too;  
and much good may it do you.

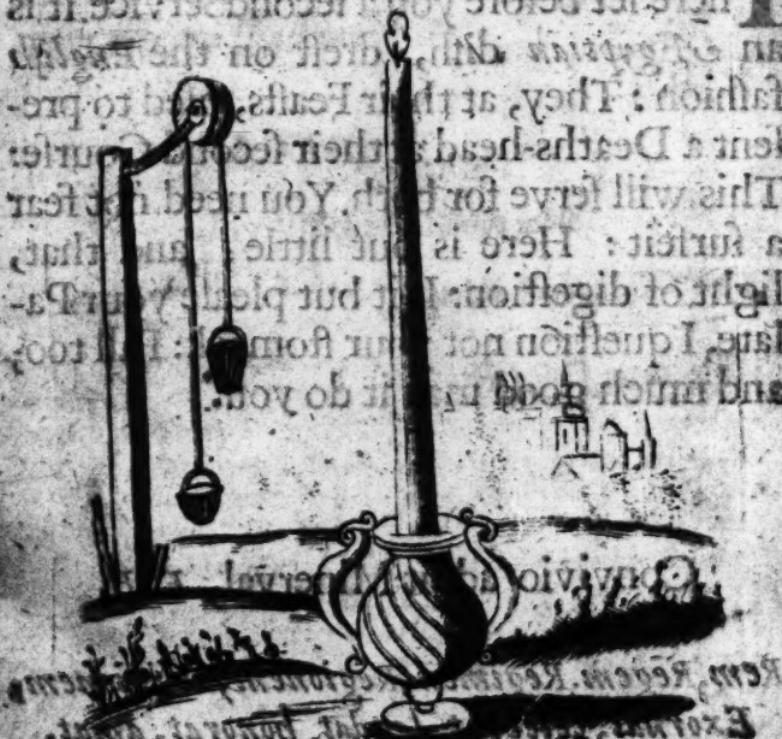
Convivio addit Minerval. E. R.

*Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,*  
*Exornat, celebrat, lendant, honorat, amat.*

BENEVOLUS

## Hieroglyph. II.

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## Sine Lumine in ane

GENEALOGIES

Hieroglyph. L.

PSALM. I. 5.

*Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.*

**M**AN is made A. B. C. There is none that can  
Read God aright, unless he first spell Man aright.  
Man is the stairs, whereby his knowledge climbs,  
To his Creator though it often times  
Stumbles for want of light, and sometimes trips  
For want of careful heed ; and sometimes slips  
Through unadvised haste, and when at length  
His weary steps have reach'd the top, his strength  
Oft falls to strand ; his giddy brains turn round,  
And Phæton-like, falls headlong to the ground :  
These staires are often dark, and full of danger  
To him, whom want of practice makes a stranger,  
To this blind way : the Lamps of nature lends  
But a false light, and lights to her own ends.  
These be the ways to Heaven these paths require  
A light that springs from that Diviner fire,  
Whose humane soul enlightening Sun beams dart  
Through the bright crannies of th'immortal part,  
And here, thou great Original of Light,  
Whose error-chasing beams do unbright  
The very soul of darkness, and untwist  
The clouds of ignorance, do thou assist  
My feeble quill ; reflect thy sacred rayes  
Upon these lines, that they may light the way  
That lead to thee ; so guide my heart, my hand,  
That I may do what others understand.  
Let my heart practise what my hand shall write,  
Till then, I am a Tapor wanting light

224 Hieroglyph. I.

This golden Precept, Know thy self, came down  
From Heavn's high Court: It was an Art unknown  
To flesh and blood. The men of Nature took  
Great journeys in't: Their dim eyes did look  
But through a mist, like Pilgrims they did spend  
Their idle steps, but know no journeys end.

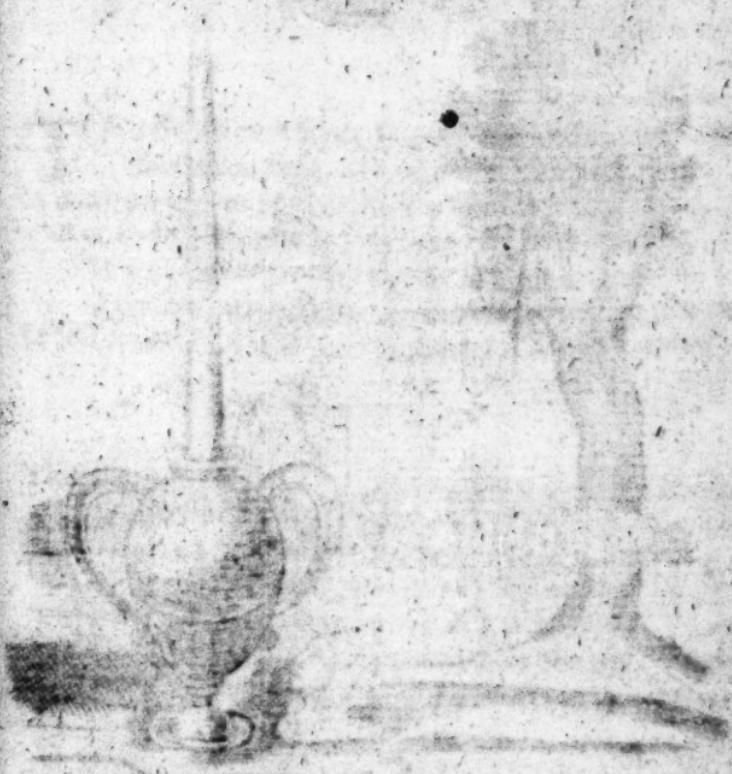
The way to know thy self, is first to call  
Thy frail beginning, Progress, and the last:  
This is the sum of Man: But now return  
And view this Tapour standing in this Urn,  
Behold her substance sordid and impure,  
Useless and vain, and (waning light) obscure:  
'Tis but a span at longest, nor can last  
Beyond that span; ordain'd and made to wait;  
Ev'n such was Man (before his soul gave light  
To his vile substance) a mere child of night;  
Ere he had life, estated in his brest,  
And markt for death; by nature, born to burn;  
Thus liveless, lightless, wordless first began  
That glorious, that presumptuous thing call'd Man.

M

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST,

*Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and whence thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death : Thou wert made of an impure substance, clothed and nourished in thy mothers blood.*



EPIG. I.

Forbear, fond Tapeur : what thou seek'st, is fire ;  
Thy own destruction's lodg'd in thy desire.  
Thy wants are far more safe than their supply :  
He that begins to live, begins to die,

Hecoglypt. ILM.

S AUGUSTI.



Nescius Vnde

... illud oculis non videntur: magis tamen in aliis  
vultus vidi. Neque sicut vultus omnis vultus  
est, sed vultus est in aliis. Tamen non sicut  
vultus est in aliis, sed vultus est in aliis.

## GENESIS i. 3.

*And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.*

**T**His flame expecting Tapour hath at length  
Received fire, and now begins to burn:  
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no strength,  
Apt to be past and quenched at every turn:  
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd,  
This fount with flame: But mark this hand doth shroud  
Itself from mortal eyes, and fold it in a cloud.

2

Thus man beg ins to live. An unknown flame  
Quicken's his finishir Organs, now possesst  
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim  
An active soul, though in a feeble breast:  
But how, and when infus'd ask not my pen,  
Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:  
I cannot tell thee how, nor canst thou tell me when.

3

Was it a parcel of Celestial fire  
Infus'd by Heav'n into this fleshly mould:  
Or was it (think you) made a soul entire?  
Then, Was it new created? Or of old?  
Or is't a propagated Spark, radiis'd  
From Natures works? While we gainsay,  
By reason to refire, the more we raiseon doubt;

4

If it be part of that celestial Flame,

It must be ev'n as pure, as free from spot  
As that eternal Fountain whence it came :

If pure and spotless, then whence came the blot ?

It self being pure could not it self defile ;

Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to soil

Her pure and active form, as Jars corrupt their Oyl;

5

Or if it were created, tell me when ?

If in the first six dayes, where kept till now ?

Or if the soul were new created, then

Heav'n did not at all, at first, he had to do :

Six days, expired all creation east

All kinds, ev'n from the greatest to the least,

Were finisht and complete before the day of rest.

6

But why should Man, the Lord of Creatures, want

That priviledge which Plants and Beasts obtain ?

Beasts bring forth Beasts, the Plant a perfect Plant ;

And ev'ry like bring forth her like again :

Shall Fowls and Fishes, Beasts and Plants convey

Life to their issue, and Man less than they ?

Shall these get living souls ? and Man dead lumps of clay ?

7

Must humāne souls be generated then ?

My water ebs & behold, a Rock is high ;

If Natures work produce the souls of men,

Mans soul is mortal : All that's born must die.

What shall we then conclude ? What sun-shine will

Disperse this gloomy clou'd ? Till then, be still,

My vainly striving thoughts; lie down, my puzzled quill !

I S I D O R.

[S I D O R]

Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the Stars, or  
the depth of the Sea? Enter into thine own soul, and wonder  
there.

Thy soul by creation is infused, by infusion created;

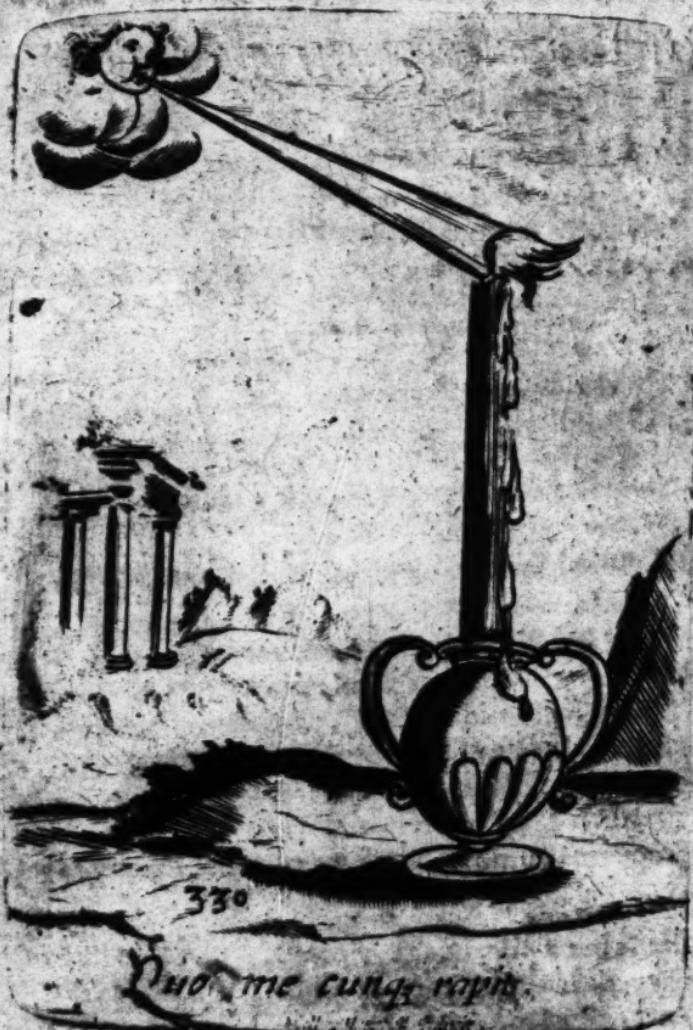


E P I G . 2 .

What art thou now the better by this flame?  
Thou know'st not how, nor when, nor whence it came;  
Poor kind of happiness, that can return  
No more account but this, to say, I burn.

330

Hieroglyph. III.



330

*Nuo me cungi rapim.*

PSALM. 103. 16.

*The wind passeth over it, and it is gone;*

No sooner is this lighted Taper set  
Upon the transitory stage  
Of eye-bedarking night,  
But it is straight subjected to the threat  
Of envious windes, whose waitful rage  
Disturbs her peaceful light,  
And makes her substance wait, and makes her flame left

No sooner are we born, no sooner come  
To take possession of this vast,  
This soul afflicting earth,  
But danger meets us at the very womb,  
And sorrow with her full mouth'd blast  
Salutes our painful birth,  
To put out all our joyes, and puff out all our mirth,

3  
Nor infant innocence, nor childish tears,  
Nor youthful wit, nor manly power,  
Nor politick old age,  
Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows prayers,  
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tower,  
Nor Prince, nor Peer, nor Page  
Can scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage,

4  
Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,  
And every blait bri' go forth a tear;  
And every fear, a death;  
The more it lengthens, ah, the more it wastes;  
Were, were we to continue here  
The dayes of long liv'd seyn,  
Our sorrows would renew, as we renew our breath,

5

Tost too and fro, our frightened thoughts are driv'n  
 With every puff, with every tide  
 Of self-consuming care ;  
 Our peaceful flame, that would point up to Heav'n,  
 Is still disturb'd, and turn'd aside ;  
 And every blast of air  
 Commits such waste in man as man cannot repair.

6

We are all born debtors, and we firmly stand  
 Oblig'd for our first parents debt,  
 Besides our interest ;  
 Alas ! we have no harmless counter-band,  
 And we are every hour beset  
 With threatenings of arrest,  
 And till we pay the debt we can expect no rest.

7

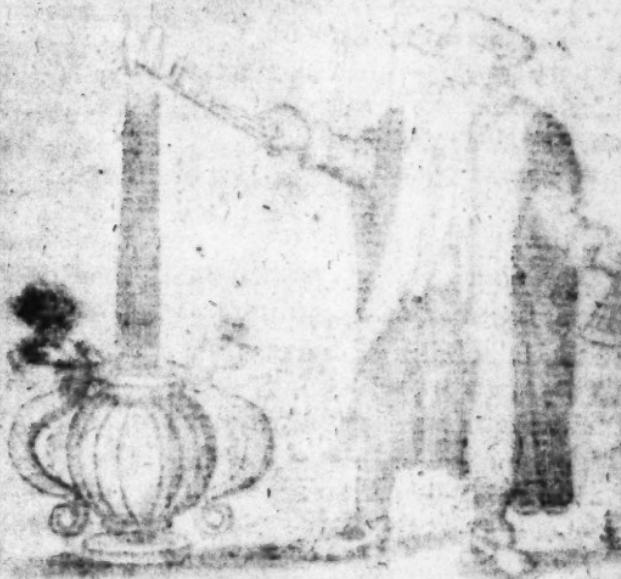
What may this sorrow-shaken life present  
 To the false relish of our taste  
 That's worth the name of sweet ?  
 Her minutes pleasurable's choak'd with discontent,  
 Her glory foil'd with every blast ;  
 How many dangers meet  
 Poor man betwixt the biggin and the winding sheet.

## S. AUGUST.

In this world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem.

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved : What if it were a pleasing world ? How wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms.



## EPIC. 7.

Art thou consum'd with soul-afflicting crosses ?  
Disturb'd with grief ? annoy'd with worldly losses ?  
Hold up thy head ; the Tapour lifted hie  
Will brook the wind, when lower Tapours die.



*Curando Lumboscit.*

334

## MATTHEW 9.12.

*The whole need not the Physician.*

**A**lways pruning, always cropping ?  
Is her brightness still obscur'd ?  
Ever dressing, ever topping ?  
Always curing, never cur'd ?  
Too much snuffing makes a waste ;  
When the spirits spend too fast,  
They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

2

You that always are bestowing  
Costly pains in life repairing,  
Are but always overthrowing  
Natures work by overcaring :  
Nature meeting with her so,  
In a work she hath to do,  
Takes a pride to over-thow.

3

Nature knows her own perfection,  
And her pride disdains a tutour,  
Cannot stoop to Arts correction,  
And she scorns a co-adjutor.  
Saucy Art should not appear  
Till she whisper in her ear :  
*Hagar flees, if Sara bear.*

4

Nature worketh for the better,  
If not hindred that she cannot ;  
Art stands by as her adviser,  
Ending nothing she beginnot ;  
If distemp'reance to seise  
Nature fullfilleth the disease,  
Art may help her if she please.

X. 9

202

But to make a trade of trying  
Druggs and doses alwayes pruning,  
Is to die for fear of dying ;  
He's untun'd, that's alwayes tuning.  
He that often loves to lack  
Dear-bought drugs hath found a knack  
To foyl the man, and feed the Quack.

## 6

O the sad, the frail condition  
Of the pride of Natures glory !  
How infirm his composition,  
And at best how transitory !  
When this riot doth impair  
Natures weaknes, than his care  
Adds more ruine by repair.

## 7

Hold thy hand, healths dear maintainer,  
Life perchance may burn the stronger :  
Having substance to sustain her,  
She untouch'd, may last the longer :  
When the Artist goes about,  
To redress her bane, I doubt,  
Oftentimes he snuff's it out.

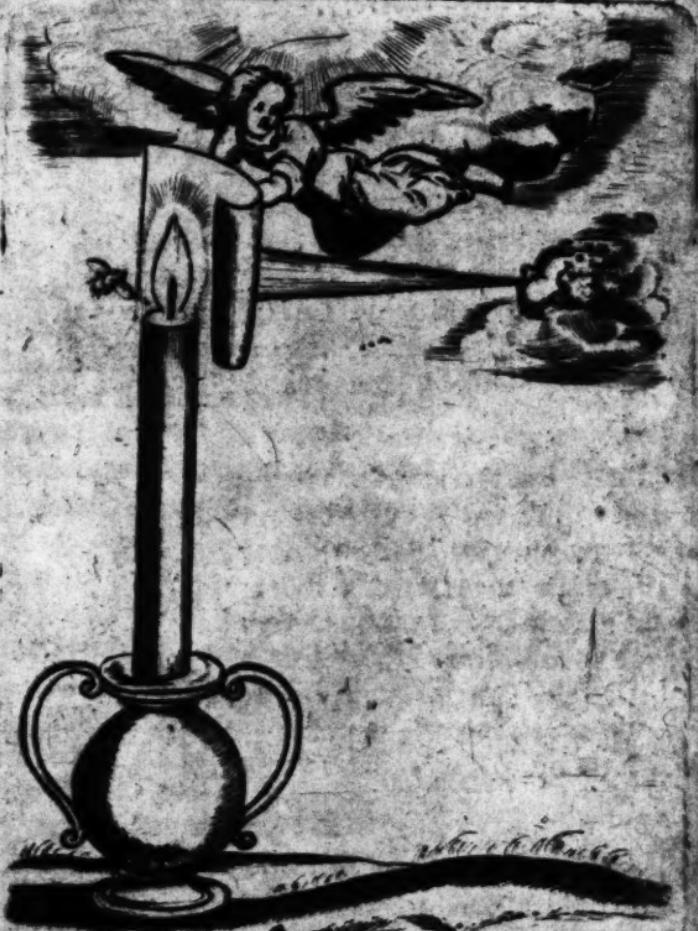
## NI CO CLES.

*Physitians of all men are most happy ; what good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.*



### EPI G. 4.

My purse being heavy, if my light appear  
But dimm, Quack comes to make all clear ;  
Quack leave thy trade ; thy dealings are not righg,  
Thou tak'st our weighty gold to give us light.



371

*Te auxiliante resurgo.*

*W. H. H. F. F. 1868.*

## PSALM. 91. II.

*And he will give his Angels charge over thee.*

1  
O How mine eyes cloud please themselves, and spend  
Perpetual ages in this precious sight !  
How I could woe Eternity, to lend  
My wasting day an antidote for night  
And how my flesh could with my flesh contend,  
That views this object with no more delight !  
My work is great, my Taper spends too fast ;  
'Tis all I have, and soon would out or waste  
Did not this blessed screen protect it from this blast.

2  
O, I have lost the jewel of my soul,  
And I must find it out, or I must die ;  
Alas ! my sin-made darkness doth controul  
The bright endeavour of my careful eye ;  
I must go search and ransack every hole ;  
Nor have I other light to seek it by ;  
O if this light be spent, my work not done,  
My labour's worse than lost ; my jewel's gone,  
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

### 3

You blessed Angels, you that do enjoy  
The full fruition of eternal glory,  
Will you be pleas'd to fancy such a toy  
As man, and quit your glorious territory,  
And stoop to earth, vouchslashing to employ  
Your care to guard the dust that lies before ye ?  
Dissain you not these lumps of dying clay,  
That, for your pains, do oftentimes repay  
Neglect, if not disdain, and send you griv'd away ?

This tapour of our lives, that once was plac'd  
In the fair suburbs of Eternity,  
Is now alas confin'd to ev'ry blast,  
And turn'd a *Maypole* for the sporting *Fly's*  
And will you, sacred *Spirits*, please to cast  
Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?  
How had this slender inch of Tapour been  
Blasted and blaz'd, had not this heavenly *Screen*  
Curb'd the proud blast, and timely stept between?

O goodness, far transcending the report  
Of faylin' tongues! too vast to comprehend!  
Amazed quill, how far dost thou come short  
To express expressions that so far transcend?  
You blessed Courtiers of th' eternal Court,  
Whose full-mouth'd Hallelujahs have no end;  
Receive that world of praises that belongs  
To your great Sov'reign; fill your holy tongues  
With our Hosanna's mix'd with your Seraphick songs.

S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of Angels, fly the comforts of the world, and resist the temptations of the Devil.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence what love, what confidence deserves so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

My flame, art thou disturb'd, diseas'd and drive'n  
To death with storms of grief? Point thou to Heav'n's  
One Angel there shall ease thee more alone,  
Then thrice as many thousands of thy own.

343

*Microglyph. VI.*



342

*Tempus erit*

DIGI

Ita verbis Lat. hanc p. h. M. V. dicitur. Et hoc est quod

# **ECCLESIASTES 3: 1.**

To every thing there is an appointed time.

*Time*      I      *Death*,  
*Time.*    Behold the frailty of this slender snuff!  
Alas, it hath not long to last:  
Without the help of either thief or puff,  
Her weakness knoweth the way to waft:  
Nature hath made her substance apt enough  
To spend it self, and spend too fast:  
It needs the help of none  
That is so prone  
To lavish out untouched, and languish all alone.

Desir. Time, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow pac'd hand ;  
Thy idle minutes make no way :  
Thy glas exceeds her how'r, or else doth stand,  
I cannot hold, I cannot stay.  
Surcease thy pleading, and enlarge my hand  
I surfeit with too long delay :  
This brisk, this bold-fac'd light  
Doth burn too bright ;  
Darknes adorns my throne, my day is darkell.

3

Time. Great Prince of darkness, hold thy needless hand ;  
Thy captiv's fast and cannot flee :  
What arm can rescue ? who can countermand ?  
What pow'r can set thy pri.'ner free ?  
Or if they could, what clois, what foreign land  
Can hide that head that flees from thee ?  
But if her harmless light  
Offend thy sight,  
What need'it then (mark at noon,) what will be

1. 2. 3. 4

**Death.** I have out staid my patience ; my quick trade  
 Growes dull and makes too slow return :  
 This long liv'd debt is due, and should been paid  
 When first her flame began to burn :  
 But I have staid to long, I have delaide  
 To stote my vast, my craving Urn.  
 My patient gives me pow'r  
 Each day, each hour, (tow'r  
 To strike the Peasants thatch, & shake the Princely

5

**Time.** Thou count'st to fail : thy patent gives no pow'r  
 Till Time shall please to say, Amen (hour ?  
**Death.** Canst thou appoint my shaft ? **Time.** Or thou my,  
**Death.** 'Tis I bid, do. **Time.** 'Tis I bid, When  
 Alas ! thou canst not make the poorest flow'r  
 To hang the drooping head till then ;  
 Thy shafts can neither kill,  
 Nor strike, until (will  
 My power give them wings, and pleasure arm thy

S. AUG.

Expe  
Till  
Wou  
Who

S. AUGUST.

Thou knowest not what time he will come : wait alwayes  
that because thou knowest not the time of his coming, thou  
mayest be prepared against the time he comes. And for this  
perchance, thou knowest not the time, because thou mayest be  
prepared against all times.



EPIG. 6.

Expect, but fear not death : death cannot kill,  
Till Time, ( that first must seal her Patent) will it.  
Wouldst thou live long ? keep Time in high esteem ;  
Whom gone, if thou canst not recal, redeem.

Tetragram



Nec sine nec tecum

W

d. 3193

Nec sine nec tecum dicitur nisi quod est in te  
sicut in meo filio. Quia non solum tu es in me sed etiam  
in te. Et si tu in me et in te in me. Non eris  
separatus a me. Quia sicut in meo filio dicitur in te  
in me. Non eris separatus a me.

JOB. 18. 6.

*His light shall be dark ; and his candle shall  
be put out.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**W**hat ails our tapour ? Is her lustre fled,  
Or foy'd ? what dire disaster bred  
This change, that thus the vails her golden head ?

<sup>2</sup>  
It was but very now she shin'd as fair  
As *Venus* star. Her glory might compare  
With *Cynthia*, burnish'd with her brothers hair.

<sup>3</sup>  
There was no cave-begotten damp that mought  
Abuse her beams ; no wind that went about  
To break her peace ; no puff to put her out.

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spie  
A cause, will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye ;  
Subjects must vail, when as their Sov'reigne's by.

Canst thou behold bright *Phœbus*, and thy sight  
So whit impair'd ? the object is too bright ;  
The weaker yields unto the stronger light.

<sup>6</sup>  
Dear God, I am thy tapour, thou my sun ;  
From thee, the Spring of light, my light begun ;  
If thy light but flaine, my light is done.

<sup>7</sup>  
Thou withdraw thy light, my light will shine,  
Shine appear, how poor a light is mine ?  
Light is darkness if compar'd to thine.

8

Thy Sun beams are too strong for my weak eye,  
 If thou but shine, how nothing, Lord, am I!  
 Ah, who can see thy visage, and not die!

9

If intervening earth should make a night,  
 My wanton flame would then shine forth too bright;  
 My earth would even presume t' eclipse thy light.

10

And if thy light be shadow'd, and mine fade,  
 If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,  
 I should be clothed with a double shade.

What shall I do? O what shall I desire?  
 What help can my distracted thoughts require,  
 That thus am wasting twixt a double fire?

11

In what a strait, in what a strait am I?  
 'Twixt two extremes how my racking fortunes lie?  
 See I thy face, or see it not, I die.

12

O let the steam of my Redeemers blood,  
 That breaths from my sick soul, be made a cloud,  
 To interpose these lights, and be my shroud.

13

Lord, what am I? or what's the light I have?  
 May it but light my ashes to their grave,  
 And so from thence, to thee; 'tis all I crave.

14

O make my light, that all the world may see  
 Thy glory by't: If not, It seems to me  
 Honour enough, to be purposed by thee,

Wil  
Of:  
Can  
Tak

## Hieroglyph. VII.

O light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is mere darkness ; so reflect upon my weakness, that all the world may behold thy strength : O Majestic incomprehensible, in respect of which my glory is mere shame : so shine upon my misery that all the world may behold thy glory,

## EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complain, because thou art bereav'd  
Of all thy light ? wilt thou vie lights with Heav'n ?  
Can thy bright eye not brook the daily light ?  
Take heed : I fear thou art a child of night.



*Nec virtus obscurapetit.*

MATTHEW 5.16.

*Let your light so shine, that men seeing your good works may glorifie your Father which is in Heaven.*

1

**W**As it for this, the breath of Heaven was blown  
Int' the nostrils of this Heavenly creature ?  
Was it for this, that sacred Three in One  
Conspir'd to make this quintessence of Nature ?  
Did Heavenly providence intend  
So rare a fabrick for so poor an end ?

2

Was Man, the highest master-piece of Nature,  
The curious abstract of the whole creation,  
Whose soul was copied from his great Creatour,  
Made to give light, and set for observation,  
Ordain'd for this ? to spend his light  
In a dark-lanthorn cloystred up in night ?

3

Tell me, reclose Monaslick, can it be  
A disadyantage to thy beams to shine ?  
A thousand tapours may gain light from thee :  
Is thy light less or worse for lighting mine ?  
If wanting light, I stumble, shall  
Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall ?

4

Why dost thou lurk so close ? Is it for fear  
Some busie eye should pry into thy flame,  
And spie a thief, or else some blemish there ?  
Or being spy'd, shrink'it thou thy head for shame ?  
Come, come fond tapour, shine but clear,  
Thou needst not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.

## WYATT

Remember, O remember, thou wert set  
 For men to see the great Creatur by ;  
 Thy flame is not thy own : It is a debt  
 Thou owe'st thy Maker. And wilt thou deny  
 To pay the int'rest of thy light ?  
 And skulk in corners, and play leaft in fight ?

## 6

Art thou afraid to trust thy easie flame  
 To the injurious walt of Fortunes puff ?  
 Ah, coward, rouze, and quit thy self for shame ;  
 Who die, in service, hath liv'd long enough ;  
 Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,  
 Usurps himself, and closely robs his Maker.

## 7

Make not thy self a Pris'ner, that art free :  
 Why dost thou turn thy Palace to a jail ?  
 Thou art an Eagle : And befits it thee  
 To live immured like a cloyster'd snail ?  
 Let toyes seek corners ; things of coll  
 Gain worth by view ; hid jewels are but lost.

## 8

My God, my light is dark enough at lightest,  
 Encrease her flame, and give her strength to shine :  
 'Tis frail at best : 'tis dim enough at brightest,  
 But 'tis her glory to be foyl'd by thine.  
 Let others lurk : My light shall be  
 Propos'd to all men ; and by them to thee.

S. BERN.

If thou be one of the foolish virgins, the congregation is no  
cessary for thee; if thou be one of the wise virgins, thou art  
necessary for the congregation.

HUGO.

Monaſticks make Cloysters to incloſe the outward man: O  
would to God they would do the like to restrain the inward  
man.

EPIG. 8.

Affraid of eyes? what, still play least in sight?  
'Tis much to be presum'd all is not right:  
Too close endeavours bring forth dark events:  
Come forth, Monystick; here's no Parliaments!

Hieroglyph. IX.



Proles tua, Maior, Inventus

J O B. 14. 2.

*He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.*

I

*Behold*

How short a span

Was long enough, of old,

To measure out the life of man !

In those well temper'd dayes his time was then  
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten;

2

*Alas*

And what is that ?

They come, and slide, and pass,

Before my pen can tell thee what.

The posts of time are swift, which having run  
Their seav'n short stages 'fore their short-liv'd task is done;

3

*Our dayes*

Begun we lend

To sleep, to anticke playes

And toyes, until the first stage end :

12. waining moans, twice 5. times told, we give

To unrecover'd loss : We rather breath than live.

4

*We spend*

A ten years breath,

Before we apprehend

What 'tis to live, or fear a death :

Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joyes,

Which please our sense a while, and waking, prove but toys.

How

Hieroglyph. IX.

5

How vain,  
How wretched is  
Poor man, that doth remain  
A slave to such a State as this!  
His dayes are short, at longest ; few, at most ;  
They are but bad, at best ; yet lavisht out, or lost,

6

They be  
The secret springs,  
That make our minutes flee  
On wheels more swift than Eagles wings ;  
Our life's a Clock, and every gasp of breath  
Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time shall strike a death.

7

How soon  
Our new-born light  
Attains to full-ag'd noon !  
And this, how soon to gray-hair'd night !  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast  
E'er we can count our dayes, our dayes they flee so fast.

8

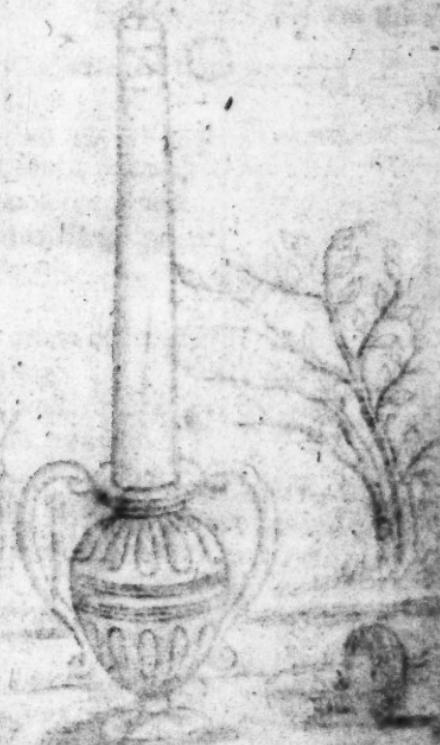
They end  
When scarce begun ;  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done :  
Man, count thy dayes ; and if they flee too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

One

## Hieroglyph. E.

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping ; in all which time what differ we from beasts, — but by a possibility of reason and a necessity of sin ?

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the Image of God appeareth in the act of his Reason, but the Devil blurs it in the corruption of his Will !



## EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the first seventh part of thy few dayes  
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in toyish playes :  
Know'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then ?  
Review thy loss, and weep them o're agen.



*Ut Luna Infantis torpet.*

JO.B. 20. 11.

*His bones are full of the sins of his youth.*

**T**He swift-foot Post of Time hath now begun  
His second stage ;  
The dawning of our age  
Is lost and spent without a Sun :  
The light of reason did not yet appear  
Within th' Horizon of this Hemisphere.

**2**  
The infant Will had yet none other guide

But twilight Sense ;

And what is gain'd from thence

But doubtful steps, that tread aside ?

Reason now draws her curtains : her cloud eyes  
Begin to open, and she calls

**3**  
Youths now disclosing bud peepsons, and the w<sup>th</sup> bud  
Her April head ;

And, from her grass-green bed,

Her virgin Primrose early blowes ;

Whil'st walking Philemon prepares to sing,  
Her warbling sonets to the wanton spring.

**4**  
His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,

All strow'd with flowers ;

The dayes appear but howers,

Being spent in time-beguiling sport.

Her griefs do neither press, nor doubts perplex ;

Her's neither fear to curb, nor care to vex.

## Hieroglyph. X.

His downy cheek grows proud, and now despairs  
The turours hand ;  
He glories to command  
The proud-necked steed with prouder reins :  
The strong-breath'd horn must now salute his ear  
With the glad downfal of the falling Dear.

His quicknos'd armie, with their deep-mouth'd sounds,  
Must now prepare  
To chase the tim'rous Hare.  
About his yet unmorgag'd grounds ;  
The ill he hates, is counsel and delay.  
And fears no mischief but a rainy day.

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought  
For bale nor blis ;  
And late repentance is  
The last dear pen'worth that he bought ;  
He is a dainty morning, and he may,  
If lust o'recast him now, a faine day.

Proud blossom, use thy Time ; Times headstrong horse  
Will post away.  
Truit not the follwing day,  
For ev'ry day brings forth a worse ;  
Take time at best, believe't, thy dayes will fall  
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.

Hieroglyph. 4.

S. AMBROS.

*Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when strength is firm, when blood is hot, when cares are strangers, when mind is free, then pride swelleth, and humility is despised.*

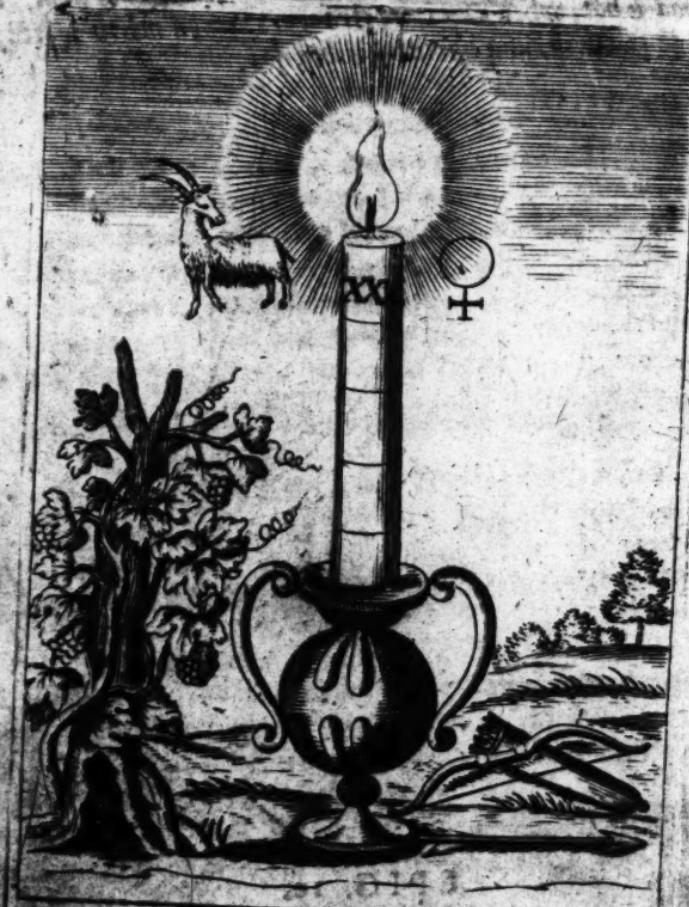
EPIC. 10.

*To the old man.*

Thy years are newly gray, his newly green;  
His youth may live to see what thine hath seen;  
He is thy Parallel: his present stage  
And thine are the two Tropicks of mans age.

mergelyph. XI.

20 ЯНВАРЯ



*Jam ruit in Venerem.*

ECCI ESIASTES. II. 9.

*Rejoyce, O young man, and let thy heart cheer thee, but know, &c.*

**H**ow fixt? how alterable is the date  
Of transitory things!  
How hurry'd on the clipping wings  
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!

How one condition brings  
The leading Prologue to another state:

No transitory things can last?  
Change waits on Time, and Time is wing'd with hast,  
Time present's but the ruine of Time past.

Behold how Change hath inch'd away thy Span,

And how thy light doth burn  
Nearer and nearer to thy urn:  
For this dear waste what satisfaction can

Injurious Time return?  
Thy shortned dayes, but this the stile of Man?  
And what's a man? a cask of care,  
Now tunn'd and working; he's a middle stair  
'Twixt birth and death; a blast of full-ag'd air.

3

His breast is tinder, apt to entertain  
The sparks of Cupid's fire,  
Whose new-blown flames must now enquire  
A wanton julep out, which may restrain  
The rage of his desire,  
Whose painful pleasure is but pleasing pain;  
His life's a sickness that doth rise  
From a hot liver, Whilist his passion lies  
Expecting cordials from his mistress eyes;

Q. II. VER. 4  
ARABIAN

His day is frow'd with thorns, and deck'd with flowers ;  
 His year sometimes appears  
 A minute ; and his minutes, years ;  
 His doubtful weather's sun-shine mixt with showers ;  
 His traffique, Hopes and Fears ;  
 His life's a medley, made of Sweets and Sours ;  
 His pains reward is Smiles and Pouts ;  
 His diet is fair language mixt with Flouts ;  
 He is a No-thing, all compos'd of Doubts.

3

Do, wast thy inch, proud Span of living earth,  
 Consume thy golden days  
 In slavish freedom ; let thy ways  
 Take best advantage of thy frolick mirth ;  
 Thy stock of Time decays,  
 And lavish plenty still fore-runs a dearth :  
 The bird that's flown may turn at last ;  
 And painful labour may repair a waste ;  
 But pains nor price can call thy minutes past.

SEN.

SEN.

Expect great joy when thou shalt lay down the mind of a child, and deserve the style of a wise man; for at those years childhood is past, but oftentimes childishness remained, and what is worse, thou hast the authority of a man, but the vices of a child.

EPIG. 111

*To the declining man.*

Why stand'st thou discontented? Is not he  
As equal distant from the top as thee?  
What then may cause thy discontented frown?  
He's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.



*Ut Sol ardore virili.*

DEUTERONOMIE. 33: 35.

*As thy dayes, so shall thy strength be.*

The Post  
Off swift-foot Time  
Hath now at length begun  
The Kalends of our middle stage :  
The number'd steps that we have gone, do show  
The number of those steps we are to go :  
The buds and blossoms of our age  
Are blown, decay'd, and gone,  
And all our prime  
Is lost ;  
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to boast.

Ah me !  
There is no rest ;  
Our Time is always fleeing.  
What rein can curb our head-strong hours ?  
They post away : They pass we know not how ;  
Our Now is gone, before we can say Now ;  
Time past and future's none of ours ;  
That hath as yet no being ;  
And this hath ceas'd  
To be :  
What is, is only ours : How short a Time have we !

## Hieroglyph. XII.

And now  
Apollo's ear,  
Expecting harmonious strains,  
New minted from the Thracian Lyre ;  
For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd Hill  
Inspires the ravish'd fancy, and doth fill  
The veins with Pegasus fire :  
And now those sterl brains  
That cannot show,  
Nor bear  
Some fruits, shall never wear Apollo's sacred Bow.

Excess  
And surfeit uses  
To wait upon these days ;  
Full seed, and flowing cups of wine  
Conjure the fancy, forcing up a spirit  
By the case Magick of debauch'd delight ;  
Ah pity, twice-born Bacchus Vine  
Should starve Apollo's Bayes,  
And drown those Muses  
That bless  
And calm the peaceful soul, when storms of cares oppres.

Strong light  
Boast not thole beams  
That can but only rise  
And blaze awhile, and then away ;  
There is no Solstice in thy day ;  
Thy midnight glory lies  
Betwixt th' extremes  
Of night,  
A glory foil'd with shame, and fool'd with false delight !

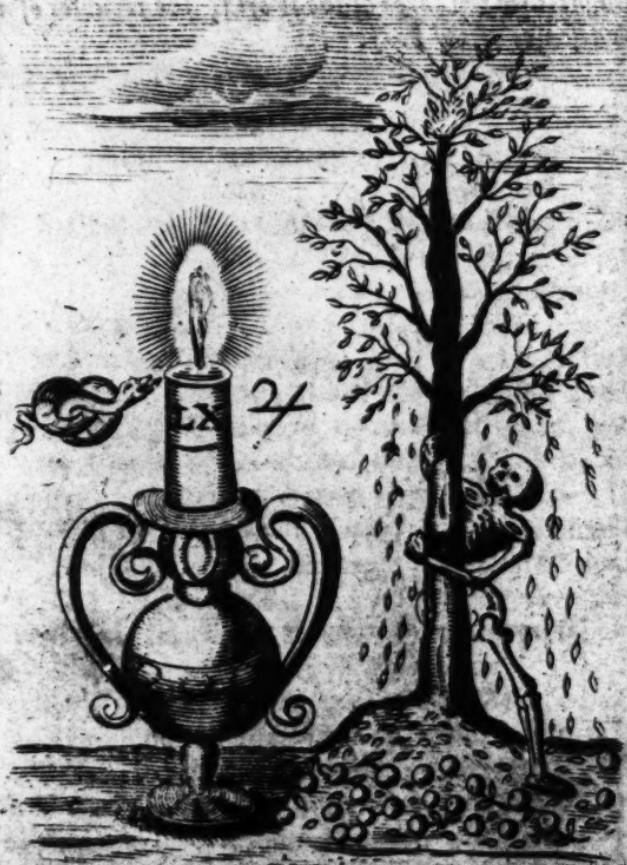
## Hieroglyph. XIII.

Hast thou climbed up to the full age of thy few days? Look backwards and thou shalt see the frailty of thy womb; the folly of thy childhood, and the waste of thy Infancy: Look forwards, thou shalt see the cares of the World, the troubles of thy mind, the diseases of thy body.

## EPIG. 12.

### To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prancing on the lusty Noon  
Of thy full age, boast not thy self too soon;  
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle state;  
Take heed; thou'lt brag too soon, or boast too late.



*Invidiosa Senectus.*

## JOHN. 3. 30.

*He must encrease, but I must decrease.*

T'ime voids the table, dinner's done ;  
And now our daies declining Sun  
Hath hurried his diurnal load  
To th' borders of the Western road ;  
Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow weeds,  
Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds ;  
And froths and fumes, rememb'ring still  
Their lashes up th' Olympick hill,  
Which having conquer'd, now disdain,  
The whip, and champ the frothy rein,  
And with a full career they bend  
Their paces to their journeys end :  
Our blazing Tapour now hath lost  
Her better half, Nature hath croit  
Her forenoon book, and clear'd that score ;  
But scarce gives truit for so much mire :  
And now the generous sap forsakes  
Her seir-grown twig : a breath ev'n shakes  
The down ripe fruit ; fruit soon divorc'd  
From her dear branch, untouched, unforc'd.  
Now *Sanguin Venus* doth begin  
To draw her wanton colours in,  
And flees neglected in disgrace,  
Whil' *It Mars* supplies her like warm place :  
Blood turn to choler : what this age  
Loses in strength it finds in rage :  
That rich enamel, which of old,  
Damask'd the downy cheek, and told,

A harmless guilt, unask'd, is new  
Worn off from the audacious brow ;  
Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,  
Loose riot, and those venial evils  
Which inconsiderate youth of late  
Could plead, now want an *Advocate* :  
And what appear'd in former times  
Whisp'ring as *faults*, now roar as *crimes* ;  
And now all ye whose lips were wont  
To drench their Coral in the font  
Of fork'd *Parnassus* ; you that be  
The sons of *Pbæbus*, and can flee  
On wings of fancy to display  
The bagg of high invention, stay,  
Repose your quills ; your veins grow sower,  
Tempt not your *Sat*s beyond her power :  
If your pall'd fancies but decline,  
Censure will strike at every line  
And wound your names, the popular ear  
Weighs what you are, not what you were.  
Thus hackney like, we tire our age,  
Spur-gall'd with change from stage to stage!

Seest thou the daily light of the greater World? when attained to the highest pitch of Meridian glory, it stayeth not, but by the same degrees, it ascended, it descendeth. And is the light of the lesser world more permanent? Continuance is the child of Eternity, not of Time.

EPIG. 13:

*To the young man.*

Young man, rejoice; and let thy rising days  
Cheer thy glad heart: think'it thou these uphill ways  
Lead to death's dungeon? no; but know whilas,  
Arising is but Prologue to a fall.



*Et Martem spirat et arma*

JOHN. 12. 35.

*Yet a little while is the light with you.*

**T**He day grows old, the low-pitcht lamp hath made  
No leis then treble shade,  
And the descending damp doth now prepare  
T'uncurl bright *Tisane* hair,  
Whose Western wardrobe now begins t'unfold  
Her purples, fring'd with gold,  
To cloath his evening glory, when th' alarms  
Of rest shall call to rest in restles *Theb's* armes.

**N**ature now calls to supper, to refresh  
The spirits of all flesh ;  
The toyling plowman drives his thirsty teams,  
To-taste the flipp'ry streams ;  
The droyling swine-herd knocks away, and feasts  
His hungry whining guests ;  
The boxbil Quzle, and the dapled Thrush  
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

3

And now the cold Aurthernal dews are seen  
To copweb every green ;  
And by the low-thorn Rowins doth appear  
The fast-declining year.  
The sapless branches doff their summer suits  
And wain their winter fruits ;  
And stormy blastes, inc'd the quaking trees  
To wrap their boughs in suits of molly freez.

Our wail'd Taper now hath brought her light  
To the next door to night ;  
Her sprightless flame grown with great snuff, doth turn  
Sad as her neigh'ring Urn :  
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,  
Lights but to further pains,  
And in a silent language bids her guest  
Prepare his weary limbs to take Eternal rest.

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plough  
Upon the furrow'd brow ;  
And snowy blasts of discontented care  
Have blanch'd the falling hair :  
Suspicious envy mixt with jealous spight  
Disturb's his weary night :  
He threatens youth with age ; and now alas,  
He owes not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

6

Gray hairs, peruse thy dayes, and let thy past  
Read Lectures to thy last :  
Those hasty wings that hurri'd them away  
Will give these days no day :  
The constant wheels of Nature scorn to tire  
Until her works expire :  
That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee ;  
Thick hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the tree.

Hieroglyph. XIV.

S. CHRYS.

*Gray hairs are honourable, when the behaviour suits with  
gray hairs : But when an ancient man bath childish manners,  
he becomes more ridiculous than a child.*

SEN.

*Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repusest thy  
youthfulness,*

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

*Seest thou this good old man ; he represents  
Thy Future, thou, his Preserperfet tense :  
Thou goest to labour, he prepares to rest :  
Thou break'st thy fall, he suppos : now which is best ?*

Bb

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Histoglypt. 25V.

2 ЧРУДО 2

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документа објавије доказ овакој истини да се подесаје и да се испод једног  
документа објавије доказ овакој истини да се подесаје

ИЗ 2

доказ овакој истини да се подесаје и да се испод једног  
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PSALM. 90. 10.

The dayes of our years are threescore years  
and ten.

So have I seen th'illustrious Prince of Light  
Rising in glory, from his Cross subdued  
And trampling down the horrid shades of night  
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring beat  
Paused in decline, at length began to throw  
His fainting brows within a cole-black cloud.

So have I seen a well-built Castle stand  
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill  
Whose active pow'r commands both sea and land  
And curbs the pride of the beleag'gers will.

At length her ag'd foundation fails her trust  
And leaves her tott'ring ruins in the dust.

So have I seen the blazing Tower shoot  
Her golden head into the feeble air,  
Whole shadow-gilding ray spread round about  
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkness fair.

Till at the length her wafting glory fades,  
And leaves the night to her infernal shades.

Ev'n so this little world of living Clay,  
The pride of Nature, glorified by Art,  
Whom earth adores, and all her Hosts obey,  
Ally'd to Heav'n by his Diviner part.

Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays,  
And worn by age, death cancels all his days.

L. C. M. A. 29

That glorious *Sun*, that whilom shone so bright,  
Now ev'n livid front our darkned eyes?  
That burly *Castle*, mann'd with so much might,  
Lies now a Mon'ment of her own disguise:

That blazing *Tapour*, that disdain'd the puff  
Of troubled *Air*, scarce owts the name of snuff.

Poor bed-rid *Man*! where is that glory now,  
Thy Youth so vaunted? where that *Majesty*,  
Which sat enthron'd upon thy manly brow?  
Where, where that braving arm? that daring eye?

Those baxom tunes? those Bacchanalian tones?  
Those swelling veins? those marrow flaming bones?

Thy drooping *glory's* blurr'd, and prostrate lies  
Grov'ling in duit; and frightful horrour, now,  
Sharpens the glances of thy gaifful eyes,  
Whilst fear perplexes thy distract'd brow:  
Thy panting breast vents all her breath by groans;  
And death enerves thy marrow-waited bones.

Thus *Man* that's born of *woman* can remain  
But a short time: his dayes are all full of sorrow;  
His life's a penance and his death's a pain.  
Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow;  
His breath's a bubble, and his day's a span:  
'Tis glorious misery to be born a *Man*.

CYPRUS

C Y P R.

When eyes are dim, ears deaf, visage pale, teeth decayed, skin  
wrinkled, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands  
tumbling, fees failing, the sudden downfall of thy fleshly house is  
near at hand.

S. A U G U S T.

All vices wax old by age; covetousness alone groweth young.



B P I G. L.

To the infant.

What he doth spend in groans, thou spend'st in tears;  
Judgment and strength's alike in both your years;  
He's helpless; so art thou; what difference then?  
He's an old *Infant*; thou, a young old *Man*.

F I N I S,

CYPRI

SALV



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*Plumbus in terram.*

2-29-52

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